

1/2d.

Daily Mirror

ORDER
"The World
& His Wife"
TO-DAY.

No. 310.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

BIG CITY FIRE.



Showing what remains of the warehouse in Golden-lane, E.C., after the big fire on Saturday.

NORTHWICH'S CLUB IN THE AIR.



The Gladstone Club at Northwich, which is now supported by oak beams, owing to a subsidence occasioned by brine pumping.—(See page 4.)

JAPANESE RESTING DURING A LULL IN THE WAR.



A Japanese division camping on ground they had taken from the Russians after a severe battle. They are seen in this photograph resting during a break in hostilities, awaiting orders to proceed to the firing line.

RUSSIAN OUTRAGE INQUIRY



Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, who, it is said, has been asked to serve on the inquiry which is to be held into the Dogger Bank affair.—(Maul and Fox.)

AN AUGURY OF PEACE: MR. BALFOUR AT PLAY.



The fact that Mr. Balfour has been spending the week-end golfing, after his speech at Southampton, confirms the impression that the crisis is over.

SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL: ASTON VILLA v. SMALL HEATH.



The match between Aston Villa and Small Heath, at Aston, on Saturday afternoon. Thirty-five thousand spectators witnessed this contest, which resulted in a victory for the Villa by 2 goals to 1.—(Draycott.)

DAILY BARGAINS.

LARGE Assortment of new and second-hand Leather Trunks to be sold cheap.—Wenter, 107, Charing Cross rd, W.C.

End.

TABLE LINEN; bankruptcy stock; upholstered furniture; 2 24-yd. double damask; 2 30-yd. ditto and 12 Serviettes, lot only 25s. 6d.; guaranteed Irish manufacture; approval—Emanuel, Bankruptcy Association, 31 Clapham-rd.

O. DAVIS, PAWNBROKER.
26, DENMARK-HILL, LONDON.

O. DAVIS, PAWNBROKER.
26, DENMARK-HILL, LONDON.
PATRONISED BY NOBILITY.

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE—FULL LIST POST FREE

ON APPLICATION.
GENT.'S MAGNIFICENT 18-CAR.
CASED CHRONOGRAPH SET

jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper, 10 years' written warranty; also 18-carat gold (stamped) filled double Curly Albert, Seal attached, guaranteed 16 years' wear, worth £2 2s. Three together, sacrifice 9s. 6d. Approval before payment.

LADY'S HANDSOME 18-CARAT
CASED KEYLESS WATCH, jew

ment, exact timekeeper, 10 years warranty; also fashionable long Watch Guard, 18-carat gold (stamped) filled, elegant West End design; guaranteed 15 years wear. Two together, sacrifice 9s. 6d.; worth £2 2s. Approval before payment.

17/6 LADY'S £6 6s. SOLID GOLD (stamped) KEY

• LESS, WATCH, jewelled 10 ru
case; splendid timekeeper; 10 year

9/6. HANDSOME £5 5s. SERVICE SHEFFIELD CUTLERY, 12 Table, 12 Cheese Knives, Carver

sd. Approval before payment.

4/6. CUBS CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET, 20 carats gold (stamped) filled; in Morocco case. Sacrifice 4s. 6d. Another heavier, sacrifice 6s. 6d. Approval before payment.

4/6. HANDSOME LONG NECK CHAIN, genuine 18 carat gold (stamped) filled; choice design; in Morocco case; 4s. 6d.; another, heavier, exceedingly beautiful; sacrifice 6s. 6d. Approval before payment.

LOVELY REAL RUSSIAN SABLE for color

rich and lustrous long Stole Fur Necklet, with
handsome large Muff to match; perfectly new; worth 4
guineas. Sacrifice 11s. 6d. Approval willingly.
16/9. MAGNIFICENT £3 3s. PHONOGRAPH, with
aluminium trumpet, lever action, with six la. 6s.
Sacrifice - 36s. 9d.

LADY'S magnificent £5 5s. solid gold, hal-

£4 10s. ELEGANT NEW SEALSKIN JACKET, late
sacque shape, double-breasted, fashionab
revers, also storm collar, richly lined; worth £30; grea
sacrifice. £4 10s. Approval willingly. —
MAGNETIC HORN £4. 6s. quarter-plate HAN

* CAMERA, by eminent Optician; takes twelve time and snapshot shutter. Ball attachment; in

29/6. GENT'S HANDSOME KEYLESS LEVER WATCH, English, solid gold (stamped) full cases; perfect timekeeper; 15 years' warranty; full jewelled; great sacrifice, 29s. 6d. Approval willingly.

• STOLE, seven strands; worth £5 5s.; sacrifice
Approx. willingly

O. DAVIS, PAWNBROKER AND JEWELLER, 2
DENMARK-HILL. LONDON.

BROKER'S SALE.

9/6. GENT'S MAGNIFICENT 18-carat gold case CHRONOGRAPH STOP WATCH, jewelled movement; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' written warranty; all 18-carat gold (stamped) filled double Curb Albert, 80 attached; guaranteed 15 years' wear; worth £2 2s.; the together sacrifice 9s. 6d.; approval before payment.

LADY'S HANDSOME 18-carat gold-cased KE
LESS WATCH; jewelled movement; exact time

keeper; 10 years' warranty; also fashionable long Wat
Guard; 18-carat gold (stamped) filled, elegant West End
design; two together, sacrifice 9s. 6d.; worth £2 2s.; a
proof before payment.

17/6. LADY'S £6 6s. solid gold (stamped) KEYLE
WATCH: jewelled 10 rubies; richly engraved

plendid timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; week's trial
17s. 6d.

8/6. LAY'S REAL OPAL and DIAMOND HALL
four real diamonds and three opals; approval.
LOVELY real Sable Fox Colour rich and lustrous FUR
NECKLET with fox head spring fastening, 8 bush
tails, large Muff to match; together 12s. 6d.; approval.

• THREE-GUINEA PHONOGRAPH, with a
minium trumpet, lever action, oak case,

1s. 6d. records; lot complete, 10s. 9d.
A. DAVIS, PAWNBROKER,
524, HIGH-ROAD, CHISWICK, LONDON, W.

EMANUEL, 31, CLAPHAM-ROAD,
S.W. 4.

R. KENNINGTON PARK AND OVAL ELECTRIC
RAILWAY STATIONS.
NOTE ADDRESS 71 CLAPHAM ROAD.

PAWNROKERS' UNREDEEMED EMPORIUM AND
BANKRUPTCY ASSOCIATION.
CLEARANCE SALE, COLOSSAL VALUE. Approval
before payment. Send postcard for complete list
Bargains.

AIN.—12s. 6d. — MAGNIFICENT SET OF FOL
legant rich dark Sabie Hair Alexandra Dagn
— with 2 tails and handsome large mu

SILVER HALL-MARKED MOUNTED TABLE CUTLERY; 10-guinea service; 12 table, 12 dessert knives, pair carvers, and steel; Crayford ivory handles; reduced price 25s.; also £5 5s. **SER. ICE** containing same quality

SPoons and FORKS; complete servi

ONLY 31s. 6d.—EXTRAORDINARILY HANDSOME
GUINEA LOCK-UP CABINET; 12 pairs silver
mounted, hall-marked Fish Knives and Forks, redu

1s. 6d.; unsoiled; approval.
R-GUINEA SILVER-PLATED AFTERNOON T

PAIR BRUSHES, superb silver hand Mirror, also handsome silver-mounted Comb en suite and hall-marked; perfect.

reduced price, 37s. 6d., worth £7; approval.
 ANN ANNE TEA and COFFEE SERVICE.—Ha

EXCEEDINGLY HANDSOME LONG NECK CHA
18-ct gold (stamped) filled; latest style, with pillar

als; reduced price, 6s. 6d.; also another, very handsome, 4s. 3d.; approval.

CURB CHAIN PADLOCK BRACELET, 18-carat (stamped) filled; in Morocco case; sacrifice 4s. also another very heavy, 6s. 6d.; approval.

VALUABLE OLD VIOLIN; mellow tone; labelled Stradivari Cremona, 1700; with brass-mounted case, and accessories worth £8; reduced price, 19s. 6d.; approval.

Y'S ELEGANT 2-GUINEA SILK UMBRELLA
s. 6d.: 7in. deep silver hall-marked chased han

E4 Fox's frame; unsoiled; approval.
 E2 SMOKED FOX ALEXANDRA STOLE (guaranteed);
 67 S tremely rich, full, and long, with four real be
 est- foxtails; price greatly reduced, 19s. 6d.; perfectly
 av. approval.
 INFANT 6 GUINEA RUSSIAN BEAR STOLE: 6

quality; rich and dark; 6ft. long; perfectly new;
price, 29s. 6d.; approx.

SEALSKIN JACKET; £4 19s. 6d.; worth £30;
perfectly new; latest style; sacque shape, double-breasted;
fashionable revers, high storm collar.
EMANUEL D.M., DEPT. (only address), 31, CLAPHAM
ROAD, LONDON. NOTE ADDRESS. Near KENNEDY
ROAD, S.W.

AFTER THE STORM.

Probable Method of Procedure at Inquiry.

MOVEMENTS OF FLEETS.

Russian Warships Watched at Vigo and Tangier.

WORLD'S APPROVAL.

An interim settlement of the Dogger Bank dispute having been made, arrangements are now being pushed forward for the holding of the proposed inquiry.

The inquiry on the victims of the outrage will be immediately followed by a Board of Trade inquiry, at which evidence on oath will be taken as to the cause and extent of the damage done.

The evidence given at this inquiry will be laid before the International Commission as Great Britain's side of the case. The responsible Russian officers will reply with written statements, and the judgment of the Commission will be given on this evidence alone.

The Tsar yesterday gave a private audience, which lasted a long time, to Sir Charles Hardinge, the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

MOVEMENTS OF WARSHIPS.

Three Russian battleships arrived at Tangier on Saturday, and were met by the Russian destroyers which were lying in the port.

The officers state that they will stay about a week here. It is rumoured that they will remain until the trawler incident is settled.

The Russian ships not involved in the case are to proceed by the Cape, while the delinquents, after investigation, will catch up the others by the Suez route.

On Saturday afternoon the British cruiser Lancaster arrived at Vigo.

The commander of the Lancaster went off to the Russian flagship Kniaz Suvaroff in a steam launch, and proceeded on board, where he had twenty minutes' conference with Admiral Rojestvensky.

The cruiser subsequently put to sea at six o'clock. There are five other British warships outside the Cies Islands.

The activity which prevailed at all dockyards through the week has noticeably abated.

The order issued stopping the leave of all officers and men has been cancelled, and leave is being given as usual.

FRANCE, THE PEACEMAKER.

How the Russo-Japanese War Could Have Been Averted.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Saturday.—In referring to the North Sea incident, the "Matin" correspondent at St. Petersburg dwells upon the value of the good offices of France in the diplomatic solution of the difficulties of the situation.

M. Boutiron, in the absence of M. Bompard, the French Ambassador, left no quarter untaken to represent in the highest official quarters that, however accommodating British diplomacy might be, it would have to give way to the opinion of the people of Great Britain.

He states that an intervention of this kind is an absolute necessity in St. Petersburg. An authority has assured him that if there had been as clever an intermediary between Japan and Russia as there has been between Russia and England, war would not have broken out.

At the critical hour the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg complained most bitterly that he could not get a hearing. "The Emperor is too high," he said, "and as for Count Lamondorf, when I am with him I am before a man from whom I am separated by a wall."

THE WORLD'S OPINION.

When President Roosevelt heard of the agreement he said that he was extremely gratified at this fresh recognition of the binding force of The Hague Treaty.

The world's Press is practically unanimous in its congratulation and approbation of the conduct of the Government.

The German newspapers consider that England's honour is upheld, while Russia is not humiliated.

In Vienna the utmost satisfaction is expressed in all circles at the provisional settlement of the unfortunate incident.

In St. Petersburg the "Novoye Vremya" in its leading article on Saturday admits the possibility of a mistake, and says that all friends of peace rejoice in the new phase of the situation.

E. breezes; dull or cloudy generally; rain at times; rather cold.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER (Lighting-up time: 5.33 p.m. Sea: Passages moderate in S. & E.; smooth W.)

HIT HIS OWN SHIPS.

Amazing Story of Russian Admiral's North Sea Blunder.

TORPEDO-BOAT MYSTERY.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Sunday Night.—A startling theory is advanced by a French correspondent at St. Petersburg as an explanation of the North Sea outrage.

It is suggested that Admiral Rojestvensky fired on two of his own torpedo-boats believing them to be hostile craft.

The Russian torpedo-boats were not with the main Russian squadron, but were going to Tangier. There were eight in all. Seven have arrived at Tangier. The eighth has not been heard of. Was this sunk by Rojestvensky's ships when they opened their mad fusillade in the North Sea?

There are certain facts in favour of this theory. It will be remembered that Admiral Rojestvensky's first reports, which roused so much ridicule throughout Europe, were perfectly emphatic upon the point that two torpedo-boats were seen among the fishing craft; that one was sunk, and the other was lost to sight among the trawlers.

It will be remembered, too, that the fishermen themselves declared that they saw a Russian torpedo-boat hovering about the scene of the disaster for a considerable time after the sinking of the Crane.

Even more curious is the statement that the Russian ships have sustained damage from gun-fire, that a priest had his hand shot off, and a sailor was wounded.

If Rojestvensky did fire on two Russian torpedo-boats in mistake they would, of course, have imagined themselves in touch with the enemy and retaliated, which would account for the damage done to the Admiral's ships.

ECHO OF THE RUSSIAN OUTRAGE.

A charge of assault arising indirectly from the arrival in London of the fishing boats fired upon by the Baltic Fleet was heard at Highgate on Saturday, when Herbert Monk, a tradesman of New Southgate, was remanded by the magistrates.

A Mr. Thomas Vintner said he was visited by a friend who had just come off one of these boats, and in the Freehold Arms, at New Southgate, a dispute arose over his friend's account of his experiences, which terminated in Monk violently assaulting him.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A reference to the Russian papers will show that the Emperor of the Baltic spells his name "Rozhestvensky."

Admiral Wrenn says that the Russian ships at Vigo will sail as soon as a preliminary inquiry has been held. The responsible officers will remain behind.

The Mayor of Hull has received £276 10s. for the relief of the sufferers of the Russian outrage. He is administering the fund, with the assistance of Mr. T. G. Milner, the city treasurer.

The Mayor of Hull has received a telegram of sympathy from the Mayor of Yokohama. He has also received a similar telegram from the president of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce.

The President of the Board of Trade has appointed Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, G.C.B., and Mr. Butler Aspinall, K.C., "to report on the recent occurrence in the North Sea, the quantum of damage, and as to compensation."

Much amusement was created in Farringdon-street Fish Market on Saturday by the humour of one of the dealers. Above a large "snapper," which was caught off the Dogger Bank, was a placard announcing "This was the 'torpedo-boat' that frightened the Russian fleet."

ARMING THE FINNS.

Treason Trial Exposes a Vast Conspiracy.

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.—An official announcement was published to-day in connection with the trial for high treason of M. Schaumann, ex-Senator of Finland.

"The trial of M. Schaumann," says the document, "who is the father of the assassin of General Bobrikoff, has thrown a brilliant light on the aims of the leaders of the Suedophile party in Finland."

"The evidence is a complete refutation of the erroneous opinions spread in Europe by agitators representing the Finns as being the victims of unjust oppression."

"The chief evidence of the prosecution in the Schaumann trial is a document discovered among the papers of the accused, setting forth a scheme for the organisation of secret rifle clubs with the frankly avowed object of instigating an armed rising in Finland."

"The scheme provided that every Finn capable of bearing arms, in all villages and industrial centres, was to practise rifle shooting, while rifle clubs were to be recruited among the retired soldiers who had served in the Finnish regiments."

JAPANESE GALLANTRY.

Important Russian Position Taken by Assault.

RUSSIA LOSES 45,000 MEN.

The extraordinary position of the two opposing armies in Manchuria is described in a Mukden message published by the Paris "Journal."

Along a line of nearly thirty miles the armies are in touch, and in many places are so close that the necessity for outposts is obviated. Another great battle may be expected daily.

The following telegram, dated Tokio, Saturday, has been received at the Japanese Legation:—"Marshal Oyama reports that a detachment of our right army attacked on Thursday the enemy at Wataoshan, consisting of two battalions of infantry."

"The detachment met with stubborn resistance, but finally occupied Wataoshan, and captured two machine guns."

"On Saturday the enemy continued cannonading on Wataoshan till after noon, and then disappeared. No other important engagement took place on Friday."

SKRYDLOFF TO FOLLOW ALEXEIEFF.

PARIS, Sunday.—It is stated on good authority that on the arrival of Admiral Rojestvensky in the Far East Admiral Skrydloff will be recalled. General Gurovskiy will now be independent of any surveillance such as Admiral Alexeieff exercised over him recently.—Exchange Telegraph Company.

RUSSIA'S LOSSES IN SHA-HO FIGHT.

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.—The General Staff has issued a statement to the effect that the number of killed, wounded, and missing in the fighting from the 9th to the 18th inst. is 800 officers and 45,000 men.—Reuter.

SIXTY COLLIERIES KILLED.

Terrible Mine Explosion in the Rocky Mountains.

A terrific explosion has taken place in a coal mine in the Rocky Mountains belonging to the Fire, Land, and Iron Company, at Tercio, forty miles west of Trinidad (Colorado).

About sixty men were killed, and the mine is still burning.

Parties sent to the rescue were unable to penetrate far into the mine (says Reuter's correspondent), but one body was recovered near the entrance badly mutilated. The victims are mostly Slavs.

The explosion, which is believed to have been caused by dust, resembled an eruption of a volcano.

For nearly a minute a volume of smoke, together with dust and timber barks, 3ft. in diameter, and great boulders, issued from the mouth of the tunnel and the air-shafts.

Many persons outside the mine were injured through being struck with the falling debris.

LIKE TRAINED POODLES.

Earl of Rosebery's Caustic Comments on the Government.

The Earl of Rosebery made some caustic references to the attitude of the Government and the policy of Mr. Chamberlain on Saturday.

Addressing an audience of 4,000, which attended the meeting held at the Market Hall of Trowbridge, under the auspices of the Liberal League, he said that in the present political position they had to consider Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Chamberlain alone.

Obviously the Government was not the cause of the present juncture. No man outside a lunatic asylum would have chosen to bring upon themselves this crisis, which condemned them to go through a performance like trained poodles who jumped through fixed hoops—the protection hoop, the free trade hoop, the free food hoop, the preference hoop, and what not, and then came back panting and licking their tails for applause.

One never knew whether Mr. Chamberlain was going to stand on his protectionist leg or on his Imperialist leg; on one leg or the other he had made a pilgrimage through the country.

FUNERAL OF LADY DILKE.

The funeral of the late Lady Dilke took place on Saturday afternoon, the body being cremated at Golder's Hill. At the service in Holy Trinity Church, Sloane-street, there was a large congregation, which included Mr. Paul Cambon (the French Ambassador), Viscount Hayashi (the Japanese Ambassador), representatives of the French, Chinese, Swiss, and other Legations.

A serious smallpox epidemic has again broken out in Belfast. Eleven cases have been removed to the hospital for treatment, and a further case has been notified at Whitehouse, near Belfast.

CELLAR CRIME.

Dramatic Surrender of the Murderer.

HOFFMAN'S CONFESSION.

Looking for a Soldier "to Kill Him Also."

William Hoffman, wanted for the murder of his young housekeeper, Helen Walden, at Leytonstone, surrendered to the police at Dover yesterday.

Hoffman walked into the police station at five minutes two in the afternoon, and to Inspector Lockwood made a complete confession of the crime. He appeared terribly depressed, and was quite sober.

The inspector, after referring to the description issued by the police, was at once satisfied that the man before him was William Hoffman, and thereupon took down his confession in writing.

Hoffman, it appears, arrived at Dover on the evening of the crime and took lodgings at a public-house on Commercial Quay, where he has been staying ever since.

It seems that he walked up to the police station on Saturday, in order to give himself up, but at the last moment his heart failed him and he retraced his steps.

LEFT AFTER THE CRIME.

Our correspondent learned last night that in Hoffman's confession, which he signed at the police station, he states that he murdered Helen Walden on Wednesday morning, and immediately left Leytonstone for Dover.

As to the motive for the crime, he says the girl had stolen some money from him, and he accused her and asked what she had done with it.

The girl replied that she had given it to her young man, a soldier in the 2nd Battalion of the Buffs, at Dover.

"If you want to get anything else from me you will have to kill me," Hoffman declares she answered.

Hoffman stated that he killed the girl with a large knife, and immediately afterwards he set off for Dover, to find the girl's sweetheart in the Buffs, and to kill him also.

A piece of paper found in one of the man's pockets, contained the words:—

I am William Hoffman, of 11, Park Grove-road, Leytonstone. I murdered Helen Walden.

London detectives arrived at Dover last night by the boat train.

LORD FARQUHAR SHOT.

Struck by Stray Pellet While Shooting with the Prince of Wales.

While Lord Farquhar, the Master of the King's Household, was shooting over his estate at Castle Rising, on Saturday afternoon, he was struck in the face by a shot from one of the guns.

The Prince of Wales, Prince Alexander of Teck, Lord Stavordale, and Admiral Sir Culme Seymour were members of the party, but it is not known from which gun the shot came.

The stray pellet struck Lord Farquhar on the bridge of the nose, and then cut his face, just below the left eye.

The wound was not dangerous, and his lordship continued with the party, but he narrowly escaped being blinded.

MR. KRUGER'S LAST VOYAGE.

Preparations for Carrying the Coffin to South Africa.

ROTTERDAM, Saturday.—The chapelle ardente prepared for the remains of the late Mr. Kruger on board the steamer Batavier VI. is now completed.

On the black cloth with which the cabin is draped are the following inscriptions in silver letters in Dutch.—In the centre, "I have kept the faith"; on the left, "I have finished my course"; and on the right, "I have fought the good fight."

Dr. Leyds will travel to South Africa on the same boat.

Wreaths from the Queen of the Netherlands, the Prince Consort, and Mr. Steyn will cover the coffin while it is being conveyed from The Hague to Rotterdam on Monday.—Reuter.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Owing to the great demand for advertisement space in the "Daily Mirror," we regret we are compelled to hold over several advertisements from to-day's issue. These will appear as soon as possible.

BEAUTY AND MARS.

Gorgeous Scene at Wedding of Miss Pauline Astor.

NINE HUNDRED PRESENTS.

Much of the pomp of the Church and the Army were present at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Saturday afternoon, when Miss Pauline Astor, daughter of the multi-millionaire, Mr. William Waldorf Astor, was married to Captain Spender Clay, of the 2nd Life Guards.

The beautiful church, nestling under the eaves of Westminster Abbey, had been decorated to suit the occasion. The pale blue light streaming from the great window at the east end fell upon a chancel gorgeous with bridal flowers, while two immense palms with leaves drooping into an arch, stood at the foot of the steps. The scent of lilies, hiding the choir stalls and clinging near the altar, was wafted through the church.

Bishop of London Officiates.

The dignity of the Church was present to lend it aid and countenance. Dr. Winnington Ingram, the Bishop of London; Canon Wilberforce, the Speaker's chaplain; the Rev. M. E. Kirkland, the Rev. T. A. Purvis, and the Rev. Frank Campbell all took part in the service, while the choral parts were taken by the full choir.

Seven hundred guests representative of two countries witnessed the ceremony. Among them were the American Ambassador and Mrs. Choate, Mr. and Mrs. Henry White, Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, Lord and Lady Bingham, Lord and Lady Burton, and Mrs. Edward Sassoon.

At five minutes to two all was ready. The bridegroom had arrived some minutes before, and the ten bridesmaids, in their beautiful dresses of rose-colored chiffon and brown Gainsborough hats, awaited the bride at the porch. They were:—

Lady Sybil Grey, the Hon. Gladys Fellowes, Miss Dorothy Lawson (granddaughter of Lord Burnham), Miss Hilary Clay, Miss Ione Kennedy, Miss Caroline Drayton (of New York), the two Misses Paul (of Philadelphia), Miss Muriel White (daughter of the First Secretary of the American Embassy), Miss Elsie Lajeune (daughter of Baron Lajeune, of Paris).

Bride's Wonderful Dress.

The organ was playing softly. Presently a little rustle went round, and a murmur, "I hate the bridesmaids," proclaimed the bride. A short pause at the porch, and then, leaning on the arm of her father, the young lady, whose marriage dowry is said to amount to two millions of money, passed slowly up the aisle.

She wore a wonderful dress with its great train of priceless lace sweeping the carpeted stone. The white satin shimmered in the dim light, and beneath the bridal veil one caught the gleam of pearls and diamonds.

Two little pages, the Hon. Patrick Bingham and Master Ivor Grenfell, followed with tiny gold-mounted wands in their hands. They might have stepped from some old French picture in their white satin cavalier suits, with cloaks dangling from the shoulder and buckled shoes. Then came the bridesmaids.

Husband and Wife.

The beautiful hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," drew to its close, and the service commenced. The priest in his vestments of white and red stood at the chancel steps and sonorously intoned the opening words.

The murmur of the soldier-bridegroom's voice reached through the throng to the red-coated men of his regiment assembled at the end of the church. A pause and a whisper scarcely audible told the hushed congregation that Pauline Astor, daughter of one of the world's greatest millionaires, had taken to herself Herbert Spender Clay "for better, for worse."

Dr. Ingram paused a moment before he commenced a short, impressive little homily. Just a few words, and the organ was pealing out Brahms's beautiful anthem, "How Lovely is Thy Dwelling Place."

A Delightful Surprise.

While the register was being signed in the vestry Mr. Astor had provided one of those dainty little American surprises for his daughter's guests. The bridesmaids came down through the aisle with great baskets of white roses and lilies of the valley offering them here and there with the murmured, "With Captain and Mrs. Spender Clay's compliments."

Presently the "Wedding March" rang out, and the husband and wife came slowly down the aisle.

At Mr. Astor's beautiful house in Carlton House-terrace afterwards everybody was anxious to see the nine hundred presents. Among them was a gold cup from the Princess Louise, a diamond tiara and a ruby, diamond, and pearl pendant from the bridegroom, and some magnificent diamond and a black pearl necklace from Mr. Astor.

After the reception Captain and Mrs. Spender Clay drove away in a motor-car to Chiseldon for the first part of the honeymoon.

A couple of fine porpoises were seen yesterday afternoon in the Thames on the south side of London Bridge.

SHOT ON AN OMNIBUS.

Bullet from Knightsbridge Barracks Hits Passenger.

Thomas Cooper, a gasfitter, who lives at Manor Park, has just had a most extraordinary experience. While passing Knightsbridge Barracks at one o'clock on Saturday afternoon he was shot in the head by a bullet which was thought to come from a window in the barracks.

The bullet went through his hat, lodged in his head, and had to be extracted at King's College Hospital.

Mr. Cooper, interviewed yesterday, said: "I was chatting with the driver. Passing the barracks I suddenly heard a crack on the top of my hat, and felt a bang on my head. Then I found blood trickling down my neck, and putting my hand to my head felt a small, hard substance underneath my skin."

The police were communicated with, and both they and officers at the barracks agree that the bullet is from an air-gun. This explains the absence of any report.

"It appears that the children in the married quarters used to have some air-guns, but these were recently ordered to be destroyed," said a police officer.

"This is no doubt the explanation, but we are at present unable to find who fired the shot."

BATTLE WITH FIRE.

Warehouses and Mortuary Destroyed in the City.

Thirty-six fire engines and over a hundred and fifty firemen were employed on a perilous task in the City on Saturday morning, when a large block of warehouses in Sun-court, Golden-lane, and the City mortuary, were destroyed by fire.

The warehouses burnt belonged to Messrs. Smeaton, blouse manufacturers. Had the outbreak occurred two hours later, the building would have been thronged by 200 workgirls, and there would probably have been a long list of fatalities.

Ten minutes after the brigade commenced to pump tremendous quantities of water into the flames the five-story building was seen to sway.

There was a loud shout of warning, and the firemen made a dash for safety. A moment later a huge wall collapsed and crashed down upon the adjoining premises—the City mortuary. Luckily no one was injured.

At last the enormous quantities of water poured on the flames began to have effect, but a range of buildings, four and six stories high, and, roughly, 150ft. in each direction, had been completely destroyed.

Just before the engines began to be called off a high wall which had been tottering was pulled down by firemen, and with it fell a great quantity of debris.

PASSING ON SMALL-POX.

Case in Yorkshire Leads to the Finding of Ten in London.

The discovery made by Yorkshire doctors that a woman at Horbury was suffering from small-pox led to several cases being found in Willesden, London.

Contracting small-pox in Yorkshire, an artisan sought it to Willesden. His wife returned to Horbury, Yorkshire, and was taken ill. She was discovered to be suffering from small-pox, and the Horbury officials communicated with the Willesden medical officer.

A visit was immediately paid to the house where the Yorkshireman was living, and houses in the neighbourhood, with the result that in that house and the one next door no fewer than ten persons were discovered with the disease.

PRINCESSES' HOMECOMING.

Returning from South Africa Anxious for News of Baltic Outrage.

Princess Christian, accompanied by her daughter, the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, returned home on Saturday from South Africa, where she has been to visit her son's grave.

Arriving at Southampton on the Kildonan Castle, her Royal Highness's first concern was about the North Sea outrage. Newspapers were delivered to her immediately, and she expressed great gratification at the peaceful result of the negotiations with Russia.

The Princess and her daughter travelled in a royal saloon via Basingstoke to Egham, where they were met by Prince Christian at Egham Station, and drove in an open carriage through Windsor Park to their home.

Princess Christian has brought home a number of treasures and mementoes from South Africa, and a cab laden with them followed the Princesses to Cumberland Lodge. Her Royal Highness has been much touched with her reception in South Africa.

BILLIARDS IN THE AIR.

Played While the Room Was Raised Fifteen Feet.

Visitors to Northwich at the present moment are treated to the novel sight of the upper floor of a large club, 200 tons in weight, hoisted high into the air.

It rests upon a number of props, and the work represents one of the strangest pieces of "raising" ever seen, even in the salt town where subsidences, occasioned by brine pumping, have made such strange things necessary.

The club is the Gladstone, and the curious undertaking will be better understood from our illustration than from any amount of printed matter. It was found that the corners of the building had sunk, and that the lower walls showed cracks and fissures.

Iron girders had to be inserted as supports when the restoration was embarked upon. This meant the "gutting" of the middle of the structure, and the removal of all the brickwork on all sides to a height of about 15ft.

The superstructure contains three billiard tables, a reading-room, etc. So cleverly has the work been done that the billiard tables have remained in use the whole time.

Although this great weight of building is practically in the air, and the lower interior is "open to the world," yet billiard handicaps are in progress nightly.

"SPICE" IN MAGAZINES.

Dr. Lang Thinks Parish Publications Should Be More Interesting.

The Bishop of Stepney is reported to have said at the conference of the Church of England Young Men's Society that parish magazines would be more acceptable "if they had a little more spice in them."

He told a *Mirror* representative yesterday that he does not remember using the word "spice."

"But," he said, "the reading matter in these publications is of the very simplest character. If it appeals to anybody at all, they are a very small class indeed."

And he added that he thought parish magazines and periodicals for young men ought to contain more interesting matter.

Those who read parish magazines will probably agree with the bishop. There is, as a rule, very little of interest to the parishioners in these magazines, as they are printed by the hundred thousand for London publishers and then sent to different parishes, where the local matter is printed on the covers.

Thus Church people in Cornwall and Northumberland have the same simple magazine. The majority of the Nonconformist magazines are produced in the same manner.

MISSING LADY—£100 REWARD.

Anxious Father's Offer for News of His Lost Daughter.

Mr. William Brown, a builder, of Alnmouth, Northumberland, has just offered £100 for news of his missing daughter.

Miss Ruth Swan Brown, who disappeared from Harrogate on August 16, 1899, is fair, tall (about 5ft. 9in.), aged twenty-two, and has brown hair, dark blue eyes, fair complexion.

She wore a large ribbed ring of native Indian make with a red stone in the centre, also a nail and heart brooch with a red stone and a gold watch.

If any Londoner should have news of her he is requested to inform Commissioner R. J. Sturgess, Salvation Army, 20 and 22, Whitechapel-road, London, E.

FIELD-MARSHAL'S FUNERAL.

Impressive Service in Honour of the Late Sir Henry Norman

The remains of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Norman were buried on Saturday with all the honours which could be paid to a gallant soldier who had served his country well.

A special service was held in the old chapel of Chelsea Hospital, of which institution Sir Henry was governor, and the building was filled with distinguished officers and well-known men.

Among them were Sir Dighton Probyn, representing the King; Mr. Arnold-Forster, and Sir Evelyn Wood.

The coffin bore the inscription, "Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wythe Norman, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., C.I.E., born December 2, 1826, died October 26, 1904."

Bishop Taylor Smith, the Chaplain-General of the Forces, conducted the service.

At the conclusion of the service the coffin was carried by a party of twelve men of the 2nd Life Guards to a gun-carriage, on which it was borne to the Brompton Cemetery.

PEEPS INTO PARLIAMENT.

Humorous Revelations by Mr. Lloyd-George.

AN M.P.'S DUTIES.

Mr. Lloyd-George, the brilliant little member for Carnarvon, has lifted the curtain upon men and things as they actually are at Westminster.

In a humorous speech, delivered at the annual dinner at the Press Club, given at the Criterion Restaurant on Saturday, Mr. Lloyd-George summarised the present day duties of a member of Parliament. He said they were:—

- (1) To vote as he was told.
- (2) To cheer whatever his leaders said.
- (3) To show his constituents round the House.

"The last is the most pleasant," remarked the hon. member, "although, in the case of country cousins, ladies in particular, it is occasionally disappointing to witness the lack of interest they display in the Commons and the eagerness they evince to visit the House of Lords."

The country cousin, according to Mr. Lloyd-George, makes amusing mistakes when he enters the historic Lower Chamber. "He always takes the clerks at the table for the Prime Minister and the leader of the Opposition."

Where's the Prime Minister?

This error being pointed out, he naturally asked: "Where, then, is Mr. Balfour?"

A pair of boots on the table being pointed out, the visitor inquired where the right hon. gent's head was, but often this problem could not be solved. One could only say it might be anywhere on the Treasury Bench, perhaps in Mr. Chamberlain's pocket!

The leader of the Opposition and the leader of the Irish Party did not seem to interest the visitor much. He inquired for Mr. Healy. "Where does Mr. Healy sit?" he would ask.

The only reply that could be given was that Mr. Healy sometimes sat on Mr. Redmond!

The Intellectual Men.

"Then, in despair," continued Mr. Lloyd-George, "you say, 'Do you see those intellectual-looking men in the opposite gallery?' And he says—'I beg your pardon, I am your guest.' This delightful touch immensely tickled the Pressmen, for the "opposite gallery" would, of course, be the gallery in which the Pressmen sit.

Then Mr. Lloyd-George figuratively crossed the lobbies and peeped into the Gilded Chamber.

The visitor was generally shocked at the curious appearance of a Bishop. Then he noticed the great-little man on the woolsack, be-gowned and be-wigged, and generally asked, "Is it alive?"

"Parliament," said Mr. Lloyd-George, "is the only institution in the country, except the War Office, that had not been revolutionised in accordance with modern requirements."

But he concluded by saying that, on the whole, the House of Commons was a fair House, just, generous, perfectly independent, and no respecter of persons.

TEETOTAL STIMULANTS.

Professor Points Out the Evils of Tea and Coffee.

The great glory of hygiene in the future would not be so much concerned with the cure as with the prevention of disease.

This statement was made on Saturday afternoon at the Regent-street Polytechnic, when Professor Allan Macfadyen delivered an address on "The Causation and Prevention of Disease."

He mentioned bad dieting and stimulant-taking as doing a vast amount of injury to persons in the way of predisposing them to disease.

Large numbers of people partook unwisely of quantities of stimulants in the shape of weak or strong tea or coffee, and he contended that many teetotalers were doing as much injury to their systems as those who took too much alcohol.

FED THROUGH HOLE IN WALL.

Blacksmith's Wife a Prisoner Three Years in an Attic.

Our Paris correspondent says:—At St. Sulpice de Faleyran, a blacksmith, named Ferrier, has kept his wife shut up for no less than three years in a small unventilated attic.

When the police broke into this room they found her in a totally nude state upon a bed of hay. The window was padlocked, and had never been opened for three years. The woman's food had been given her through a hole she had scratched in the wall.

The doctor who examined the woman found that her limbs had stiffened, and the condition of the place was indescribable.

The blacksmith has been sent to prison.

POLICE SCANDAL.

Pitt Admits Birching Two Prisoners.

INSTANT DISMISSAL.

Police-Superintendent Pitt, of Sparkbrook, Birmingham, whose conduct towards two boy prisoners, named Heekes and Taylor, was recently the subject of investigation, has now voluntarily confessed that he gave each of them a birching before the magistrates had dealt with the charges against them.

He denies, however, that he was attempting to extort evidence from the prisoners with the object of implicating others.

The following is the statement which the Chief Constable of Worcestershire has received from Pitt:—

I acknowledge birching both the boys, although it was not done with any idea of extorting evidence.

Heekes did ask to be birched, as I have already stated. With regard to Taylor, the provocation I received made me lose control of myself. When preventing him from assaulting Heekes the boy kicked me and used vile and insulting language, which caused me to lose my self-restraint.

Fully realising the seriousness of what I had done, and the consequences, not so much to myself as to my wife and family—I could not bring myself to acknowledge the full facts.

Lied To Save His Family.

I very much regret implicating the other officers. No one has a greater abhorrence of a liar than myself, but I thought that it would do nobody any harm, and perhaps save my wife and family from ruin.

Whatever happens to me I sincerely hope and request that mercy may be shown to all those officers whom my instructions placed in a very difficult position. As their superior officer they felt bound to obey my orders, and the whole of the blame should in justice fall on my shoulders.

I should like to add that at the time I had been having a good deal of worry and trouble in the division, both as to the discipline of the men and the crime in the district, and that I had always endeavoured to do my duty until this unfortunate occurrence, which no one regrets more sincerely than I do.

Upon receiving this confession of guilt the Chief Constable at once notified Pitt's dismissal from the police force. He is now considering the cases of other officers who were implicated in the scandal in a minor degree.

POLICEMAN AS CRACKSMAN.

Constable Charged with Housebreaking While on Duty.

In the anomalous rôle of housebreaker, a policeman named Wallace was remanded at Belfast on Saturday.

According to the evidence of the sergeant on Wallace's beat, the prisoner was seen at two o'clock in the morning with a label protruding below his great-coat. The sergeant, aided by two constables, arrested him.

In the barracks a waterproof was found concealed below the coat. On the way to the barracks Wallace said he would commit suicide, and pleaded for a revolver.

Subsequently evidence was obtained against him of housebreaking, and the remand was asked for with a view to further investigations.

EXCITED BY HIS WARES.

Apparently influenced by the character of the topical "memorial cards" which he was attempting to sell Thomas Millard, a hawker, thrust them with unnecessary vehemence upon passers-by in the Strand. He was bound over by the Bow-street magistrate on Saturday to be of good behaviour.

His cards were entitled: "In disgraceful memory of the Russian Navy (or what is left of them) in their terrible encounter with nine unarmed fishing smacks."

WHERE DOES THE BRANDY GO?

At the Metropolitan Asylums Board, on the recommendation of the acceptance of a tender for the supply of brandy during the ensuing twelve months, of the value of £58, Mr. Helby expressed a fear that the brandy supplied to the Board's institutions for medicinal purposes was often otherwise used.

IGNORING THE LORD'S DAY ACT.

Applications for summonses under the Lord's Day Observance Act against a number of refreshment-house keepers for remaining open on Sundays have been refused by the Blackburn magistrates.

HAIRDRESSER'S HUMOUR.

Amusing Dialogue Regarding Bad Trade in the City.

With the volubility commonly attributed to members of his calling, a hairdresser, summoned for debt, unburdened himself on the topic of "bad trade" to the amusement of Clerkenwell County Court on Saturday.

He declared that in the City, where he is employed, "gentlemen are not so free as they once were."

Plaintiff's Solicitor: But hair-dressing above all professions is not affected by bad trade.

The Hairdresser: What! You should hear the customers! It is "bad trade" when we hair-cut 'em, "bad trade" whilst we lather 'em, and "bad trade" all the time we are shaving 'em.

And, I suppose, bad language when you cut them!

"Well, it's all according to temperament. Some gentlemen will take it quiet-like, but others—well, they seem to raise the roof."

"Do you condole with them on the bad trade?" asked the solicitor.

The Hairdresser: I says, "I hope it will soon look up—and quick about it." What more can I say?

The Solicitor: Nothing, it seems to me.

WATCHING A WOMAN DROWN.

Extraordinary Story of Bargemen's Callous Conduct.

For their callous conduct in allowing a young woman named Ellen Ford to drown before their eyes without making any attempt to save her, two bargemen, named Carroll and Williamson, were severely censured by a Lambeth jury on Saturday.

According to the evidence of Frederick Roper, a milk-carrier, he was passing along the West Embankment at a quarter past two on Wednesday morning when he was attracted by a man and woman talking loudly on closely adjoining barges. The woman was charging Carroll with having ruined her life, and said she meant to go on his barge—even if she had to swim for it.

She then appeared to stoop at the side, and there was a splash. She did not call out, but Williamson sat where he was on the barge.

A minute or two later he called someone from the cabin and the two got into a boat.

Roper saw a white-looking object struggling in the water, and shouted, "There she is," but they said it was a dog, although he saw there was no dog. He considered that Williamson sat near the side of the barge watching the woman in the water.

The coroner said the case was a very ugly one. The story of the dog was one about which they must have doubt. There might have been a dog, but, at any rate, it was clear that the two bargemen did not make any attempt to save the unfortunate young woman.

The jury found a verdict of Death by Misadventure, adding a strong reprimand of the men for their callousness.

CENSOR OF KISSING.

Feeble Excuse for a Brutal Assault on a Woman.

A night scene at a coffee-stall in Borough High-street resulted in a George Murray, a stereotyper, of Bermondsey, being sentenced to six weeks' hard labour by the Southwark magistrate on Saturday.

While a Mrs. Burridge, the wife of a traveller, was having a cup of coffee Murray went up and spoke to her. She told him she didn't want to speak to him, and he then struck her a violent blow and ran away.

Murray: You were kissing the coffee-stall man when I came up.

The Magistrate: That has nothing whatever to do with the case. If she chooses to kiss the coffee-stall man why should she be prevented?

In passing sentence the magistrate said it was the most outrageous case of assault it had been his lot to hear for some weeks.

BEDSIDE CANDLE CAUSES DEATH.

Mr. Samuel Hillam and his wife, an old couple, retired to rest at Morley, near Leeds, leaving a lighted candle near the bed.

In the middle of the night Mr. Hillam was awakened by his wife's screams, and, jumping up, found the bed was in flames.

The fire was extinguished, but Mrs. Hillam was so severely burnt that she died a few hours later.

CITIZEN SUNDAY.

Citizen Sunday, an important day in the Non-conformist calendar, was duly observed yesterday.

At most of the Dissenting places of worship throughout the country, as well as at certain churches, special sermons were delivered emphasising the duties of the respective congregations as "Christian citizens" in the matter of popular local government.

WRONG MAN AGAIN.

Remarkable Case of Mistaken Identity by the Police.

"I could identify him from a hundred others."

In this emphatic manner Police-sergeant Elliot declared his conviction at Marylebone Police Court on Saturday that George Reeves, a butler, was the man whom he had seen taking betting slips and money in the Union public-house in Oxford-street.

But it was successfully shown for the defence that the case was one of mistaken identity, and the magistrate discharged Reeves from custody.

Mr. S. S. Powel, licensee of the public-house in question, had been summoned for allowing the premises to be used for betting, and against Reeves a summons for using the house for betting had been issued.

When the charge was first preferred against him Reeves told Chief-Inspector Derby that a mistake had been made, as he did not betting. However, Sergeant Elliot, on Saturday, in giving evidence with regard to the observation which he had kept on occurrences at the public-house, was very positive as to Reeves being the man concerned.

He thought, he said, that the defendant was named Woods, and referred to him as "cleanshaved Billy" in his notes, as he did not then know who he was.

Mr. Muskett, who supported the summonses for the Commissioner of Police, admitted that, though the officers in the case were very reliable and well known, there was a possibility of a mistake.

Mr. Matthews agreed that the officers had honestly and fairly enough stated what they thought to be the facts, but some mistake had occurred.

Reeves was accordingly discharged.

SOLVING A DIFFICULTY.

Lady Who Misused an Admiral's Number at the Stores.

The real name of the woman who is charged with obtaining goods by fraud at the Army and Navy Stores by representing that she had the authority of Admiral Sir John Hext to draw against his deposit account was stated, at Westminster, on Saturday, to be Anna Constance Fenn. She is forty-five years old, and the widow of an officer of the Indian Marine.

She previously gave an incorrect name and address to the police, claiming to be the wife of a colonel living in Shropshire.

It was stated that the prison doctor had certified that the woman was not responsible for her actions.

The Magistrate: If I send her for trial she can be acquitted on the ground of insanity, and then she can be properly looked after. I have had a letter from her brother, who states that she was in an inebriates' home until June last, and was there nine months.

The Prisoner: I shall refuse to sign to go there again to be illegally detained. I am not a drunkard, and you cannot send me unless I sign. So that you can dismiss that idea.

The Magistrate eventually ordered a remand with the view to her subsequent committal for trial.

FATE OF A FOUNDLING.

Workhouse Authorities Censured for Their Treatment of a Child.

Evidence at the inquiry held by Mr. Troutbeck on Saturday into the circumstances attending the death, on Tuesday last, of a child admitted to the Wandsworth Infirmary led the jury to request the coroner to censure the workhouse authorities.

It was stated that the child, a boy about three months old, was discovered on the doorstep of a house in Lavender-street on the 11th inst. It was taken to the workhouse, but on the 22nd was removed to the infirmary. There was no evidence to show the condition of the child on admission to the workhouse, nor any history of how it progressed, and the medical officer had no record.

The coroner said that when a child was admitted to a public institution on a cold, foggy night, under the circumstances related, the condition on admission should be properly recorded. Death was due to exhaustion, following colitis, the jury returning a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence.

PAYING FOR A JOKE.

While a Greenwich constable was speaking to a friend about a dog he was accosted by a man named Alfred Hewes, who used language so abusive that the policeman on Saturday summoned him before the magistrate.

Hewes declared that all he said to the constable was, "You cannot catch the dog; it will take one stripe, two stripes, or three stripes to do it."

About a dozen constables, he added, had tried in vain to catch the dog.

The magistrate said if the joke had stopped at "one stripe, two stripes, or three stripes" it would have been all right; but Hewes must pay a fine of 10s. for his bad language.

FOR HIS BOY'S SAKE.

Why a Divorce Suit Went Undefended.

A SHY YOUNG LADY.

To afford a young lady whose good name had been called into question an opportunity of clearing her character, Mr. Justice Barnes on Saturday postponed pronouncing a decree nisi in the petition for divorce brought by Mrs. Margaret Matilda McNeil.

Her husband, Mr. Duncan Alexander McNeil, was formerly a stockbroker at Brisbane, Australia. Mrs. McNeil, in bringing her petition before the Court, last Thursday, alleged that he had been guilty of desertion and misconduct. The Judge adjourned the hearing until Saturday in order that evidence of the Australian marriage might be placed before him, intimating that when this evidence was forthcoming he would grant Mrs. McNeil her decree.

Mr. McNeil, however, on Saturday asked to be allowed to go into the witness-box to deny the charges.

In reply to Mr. McNeil's request, his Lordship had pointed out that the case was all over except for formal proof of the marriage. He understood there was a letter read stating that the respondent did not wish to defend the case.

To Save Him From Life-long Remorse. Mr. McNeil said he was prepared to defend, but did not do so purely "to save my boy from remorse all his life."

His Lordship pointed out that the boy was not called as a witness.

"My boy is sixteen years of age," Mr. McNeil answered, "and he was subpoenaed on the morning of the trial. I saw him then sworn, and denied that he had deserted his wife."

With regard to the charge of misconduct, he had managed the business affairs of the lady referred to. The suggestion that he had passed as her "brother" was ridiculous. She lived with her mother, and was a lady.

His Lordship: Can you produce her here?

Mr. McNeil: I do not know whether she would come.

Why?—She would be frightened, my lord.

In cross-examination he said he had never introduced his wife to Miss Bruce—the lady in question. It was true that he had frequently visited her, and had been alone with her, staying as late as eleven o'clock at night.

His Lordship: If I adjourn the case will you produce this young lady and her mother?

Mr. McNeil said he would endeavour to do so.

BOYS' HOARD OF JEWELS.

Two Youthful Prisoners Charged with Burglary.

Two boys named Ernest Jones and Percy Witherick, aged fifteen and thirteen respectively, are said to have been responsible for a daring burglary at the shop of a jeweller named Woodcock in High-street, South Norwood.

No one slept on the premises, and on the morning of October 20 it was found that during the night the shop had been ransacked of watches, rings, brooches, and other jewellery valued at £30. On Saturday the boys were remanded at Croydon.

A detective who arrested Jones said that when he told the boy that he was going to search the house he replied: "Don't do that; they are in there," pointing to a box under the kitchen table. The officer opened the box, and found the stolen jewellery.

At the police station Jones said, "Witherick and I were the only two that broke in."

A woman named Mary Jones was also remanded on a charge of receiving the stolen property.

PROSPEROUS CHILD TRADERS.

A number of children, it was stated at the Guildhall, make it a regular business to collect the odd pieces of fat to be found in the sawdust on the floors of the Central Meat Markets.

They travel to the City by workmen's trains, and some of them, working together, make as much as twenty-four shillings a week by the sale of it. The alderman refused to convict two children charged with stealing this fat, suggesting a by-law to deal with the subject should be framed.

BROKE A WINDOW TO SAVE HIS LIFE.

Having wilfully broken a valuable plate-glass window in Holloway-road, a homeless bookbinder named Joseph Moore was charged before Mr. Fordham at North London Police Court on Saturday.

Moore admitted that he broke the window on purpose, and stated when taken into custody that he was being followed about by a gang of roughs, and did it to save himself from being murdered.

The prisoner was remanded for the state of his mind to be considered.

THE CITY

Returns issued on Saturday by the Metropolitan Asylums Board show that for the fortnight ending Thursday, October 27, 3,866 patients remained under treatment in the board's hospitals.

They were divided as follows:—Scarlet fever 2,700, diphtheria 942, enteric 224. The increase in the number is 253. Only one case of smallpox remains under treatment.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
4, CARMELITE STREET, LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1904.

WHY IT MATTERED.

AS soon as the acute crisis of last week was over there came an inevitable reaction. A certain number and a certain kind of people began at once to ask themselves if we had not made too much fuss. "After all," ran their argument, "do the lives of a couple of fishermen matter enough to drive us into war?"

Now this kind of person is not always answered as he ought to be. His reasoning has a specious plausibility. It sounds to many like the sensible answer to hysterical jingo talk. In reality it is shallow stuff, and he is a very short-sighted guide.

It was not the personal aspect of the murder of the Hull fishermen that made the affair so serious. That aspect was deplorable enough, but it could not have justified going to war. What made their assassination serious was that Russia for four whole days refused to comply with our demands, and thereby claimed the right for her officers to kill British subjects whenever they chose.

Now, if we had permitted this monstrous claim to be maintained, the result would not merely have been our momentary humiliation in the eyes of the world. The consequences of such pusillanimity would have gone echoing on into distant ages; would have made themselves felt in every part of the world; would have very likely caused wars in years to come beside which the harm that Britain and Russia could do one another now would count as nothing upon the pages of history.

The whole of India—the whole of the Eastern world has its gaze fixed upon us. All it wants is to be on the winning side. If Russia were allowed to trample upon British rights, then the East would say in the American idiom, "Ha, ha! Russia is top-dog. The star of Britain's Empire has set." And the East would act accordingly.

The incidents which cause wars, and which alter the destinies of great nations, are often so small that at the moment it seems absurd to fight about such insignificant trifles. But, if you look below the surface, you will always find they are but outward and visible signs of some tremendous rivalry, some deep-rooted antagonism with world-wide issues hanging upon it.

It is so in this instance, and that is why it mattered so much to Britain that Russia's outrage on British subjects should not pass without the fullest reparation and punishment.

THE PASSION FOR VARIETY.

Managers of theatres protest violently when it is suggested that they are likely ever to permit smoking and adopt other music-hall practices.

But in one respect, at any rate, the variety theatre and the "legitimate" are getting more and more into line. No less than three of the West End houses have put on "variety turns" in place of curtain-raisers.

At one, Mr. Frank Lincoln tells his amusing stories; at another, Miss Fanny Westworth "obliges" with a musical sketch; a third employs those cheerful entertainers, the Japs.

The change may be coming slowly. It is not to everyone's taste, and it is hard on the writers of plays. But it is coming. These are unmistakable signs.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close; then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others—some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves.—*Rushin.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

DURING her visit to South Africa Princess Christian has received some very delicate tributes to the memory of her son. One story told by a Boer woman, a bitter enemy of the British, is the more valued owing to the source from which it comes. The troops were

sweeping the Barberton district, and came one night to this woman's house. She showed herself extremely hostile, so she was removed with her six children to a room apart from the rest of the house. A few minutes afterwards she returned to ask for another chair. There was rather a shortage of

chairs, and no one seemed willing to sacrifice his seat. A quiet-looking young man came forward with the remark, "Here, madam, is a chair for you." It was Prince Christian Victor. Not content with giving up his chair, he insisted on carrying it to the other room for her. He also stopped to talk to the children.

He always got on well with children, and in a few minutes one of the little girls was sitting contentedly on his knee. At his request she sang the Boer national hymn very prettily. "And now," said the Prince, "you might sing me, 'God Save the Queen.'" "No, never," exclaimed the child; "God can save her if He likes, but I won't sing it—not for you, nor for nobody!"

Miss Astor, in becoming a British subject by her marriage to Captain Spender-Clay, is not only following the example of her father, but of the founder of the Astor wealth. This original Astor was John Jacob Astor, the fourth son of a butcher, near Heidelberg. In 1779, as a boy of sixteen, he came to London, and entered the business of his uncle, a piano manufacturer, but after some years went on to America, where he took up the trade in furs. So fast did he prosper that in fifteen years he had amassed a comfortable fortune of about £20,000.

His money as he made it was invested in land around New York. The property literally lept up in value, and when he died, in 1848, he left £4,000,000. During the next generation this grew to nine millions. This sum was willed in trust to the fourth, or present, generation, and twelve years ago, on the death of his father, Mr. William Waldorf Astor, the father of Saturday's bride, received twenty million and his brother fifteen million pounds sterling.

ART AND THE GREAT WORLD.

Mr. John S. Sargent, R.A., the portrait painter, who was among the guests at the Astor wedding, is one of the few well-known artists who have social aspirations, a task he shares with the late Lord Leighton. His personal appearance is singularly at variance, however, with his tastes, for, to put it mildly, he always looks as if he were far more at home in a studio or a Parisian café than in a drawing-room. He is also wildly enthusiastic on the subject of music, but his proficiency is far from equal to this enthusiasm.

He has tried his hand, too, as a sportsman, but has hardly been signally successful. Lawn tennis and cycling, and even the hunting-field, have each tempted him in turn, but he has been more successful at croquet than any of them, and even at that his diligence has far surpassed his success. An amusing story is told of one of his appearances as a huntsman by his brother painter, Mr. Abbey.

Sargent was staying at Fairford with Abbey, and the two had been out with Lord Bathurst's hounds. After a not very exciting day Sargent returned home with a badly battered hat, and the two artists went up to their rooms to change. Suddenly Mr. Abbey was startled to hear cries of "Horrible! Horrible!" proceeding from Mr. Sargent's bedroom. He rushed in, only to find his friend staring at the battered hat. "What's the matter?" cried Abbey. "You see that hat?" said Sargent. "My horse put his foot through it today. I was thinking how terrible it would have been if my head had been inside it."

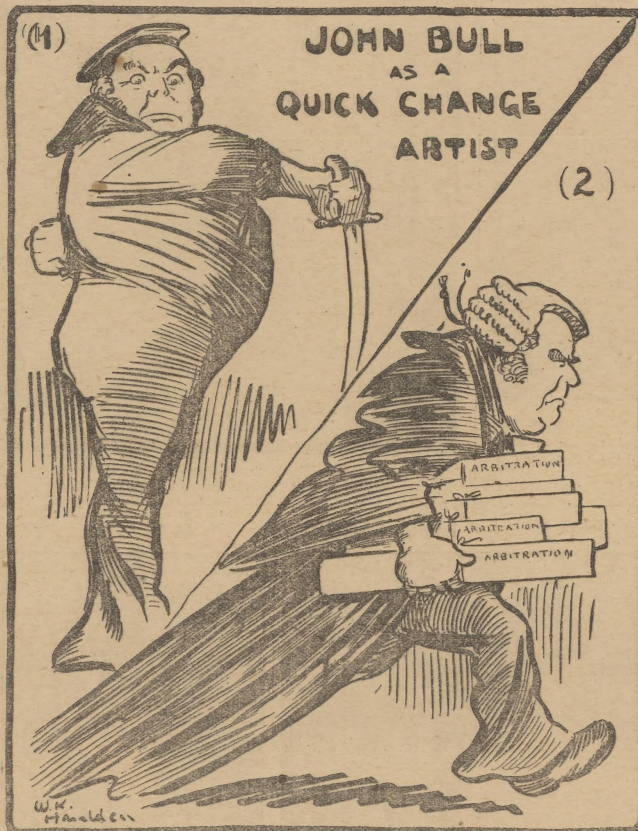
Captain Alfred T. Mahan, who has been suggested to represent the United States in the inquiry on the Baltic Fleet outrage, is generally looked upon as America's greatest naval authority. Born sixty-four years ago in New York, he entered the Navy at the age of sixteen and served for sixty years, spending several years as the Commandant of the Naval War College. Though he had retired at the time of the Spanish-American war he became a member of the Board of Naval Strategy at Washington.

JUDGE'S POLITICAL JOKE.

Mr. Justice Darling, who on Saturday completed seven years' service on the Bench, is blessed with a wit which is almost as famous as Mr. Plowden's. One of the best jokes he has made was a political one, and was made during a case in which a lady motorist sued for damages from an accident. The accident took place in Rosebery-avenue, and in summing-up his Lordship told the jury that it occurred on a street which pointed now one way, now another, and eventually went to Highbury, and so, "naturally enough," was called Rosebery-avenue.

Another amusing remark of his was made while a junior, engaged in a case at Sessions which lasted long after the concert-halls closed for the day. At five p.m. Mr. Darling was still proceeding with his oration. "Do you notice the hands of the clock, Mr. Darling?" said the chairman blandly. "They seem to me, sir," Mr. Darling replied, "to be in their normal position at this time of the day."

The Duchess of Bedford, who plays such an important part in concert-halls, Prince's Skating Rink, was, of course, present there at the opening function on Saturday. In fact, it is only at Prince's and the Opera that she is to be seen by her own set. Her box at Covent Garden is owned by the Duke of Bedford in his own right as ground landlord. It has a separate staircase and a private entrance to the street, and so often when Wagner operas are performed she has dinner served in the dim recesses at the back.



Two days ago the world looked on with awe and admiration at the spectacle of Britain, calmly resolute, determined to vindicate the freedom of the seas even to the last grave hazards. To-day this same heroic figure is exhibited in the somewhat less dignified posture of a litigant with a bundle of papers arguing with lawyer-like dexterity before a tribunal of foreign jurists and professors. ("Standard.")

THE REAL REASON.

Secret History of Russia's Determination to Concede British Terms.

HOW was the crisis really settled? What was the secret history of the Russian decision to accede to the British demands? From a source which we are not allowed to disclose, but of whose authenticity there can be no doubt whatever, we have received the following account of the events which led up to the Tsar's resolve to give way.

"When Mr. Balfour found all other arguments fail, he instructed Lord Lansdowne to tell the Russian Ambassador in London that, unless Russia agreed to Britain's terms, a poem by Mr. Alfred Austin, the Poet Laureate, would appear in all the newspapers on Monday morning.

"Count Benckendorff turned ashy pale. 'It would be suggesting humanity,' he murmured through his clenched teeth. Then to Lord Lansdowne he said: 'I will communicate your appalling threat to my august master at once.'

"The wires worked busily. In half-an-hour came an answer from the Tsar. 'Let him pome.'

"Count Benckendorff was in despair. He telegraphed again without effect.

"Your Imperial Majesty is evidently not familiar with the works of the terrible Austin. Two lines from his pen have been known to make the strongest men quail. A whole poem would be an irreparable catastrophe. I am telegraphing to the leading bookseller in St. Petersburg to supply your Majesty with a copy of the Poet Laureate's latest volume."

"The needle of the Russian Embassy's private telegraphic instrument was still for three-quarters of an hour. Then came this message from the Tsar:—

"Give way at once. Austin threat irresistible. No nation in the world could hold out against such poetry as his."

"The crisis was at an end."

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Captain Robert Falcon Scott, R.N., of the Discovery.

ON Saturday he opened the banquet season by being the guest of the Press Club. During the rest of the winter he will find it difficult to avoid these complimentary functions, for he is the lion of the season.

He is not fond of banquets, though, for he has a very strong liking for hard living. An unkind friend of his says that the real reason is that he is afraid of getting fat, and he is only thirty-six yet. If he thought banquets would make him look his age he would willingly attend one every night in the week and two on Saturdays. Still, if he does only look twenty-five, he has seen and learnt more than most men of twice his age.

He is a born leader of men. There is no trouble his crew will not take for him, and his lightest wish is law. The chief reason for this is that he always knows his own mind, and his men understand the fact.

He seldom has to find fault. He never quarrels, he never fusses, and he is never idle.

And when he is round no one else ever quarrels. He radiates good temper.

But his great virtue as a leader is that he always leads the way—he does not merely show it.

"JOHNNY ROGERS."

"Well, and what do you think, sir, of this here Johnny Rogers? Is he as bad as they make out?"

I stared at my cabman in amazement.

"What 'Johnny Rogers?' I inquired.

"Well, ain't that what they call this Russian admiral, sir?"

The British public generally pronounces foreign names after a manner of its own. Evidently it has made up its mind to do so in Admiral Rojensky's case.

MIRROR-CAMERA SNAPS-



UNVEILING THE SUSSEX WAR MEMORIAL.



The unveiling of the monument in the King's-road, Brighton, on Saturday, which has been erected as a memorial to the gallant soldiers of the Royal Sussex Regiment who fell in the South African war. The ceremony was performed by the Marquis of Abergavenny.

THE MARRIAGE OF MR. ASTOR'S



The floral decorations at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, for the marriage of Miss Astor and Captain Spender-Clay on Saturday.



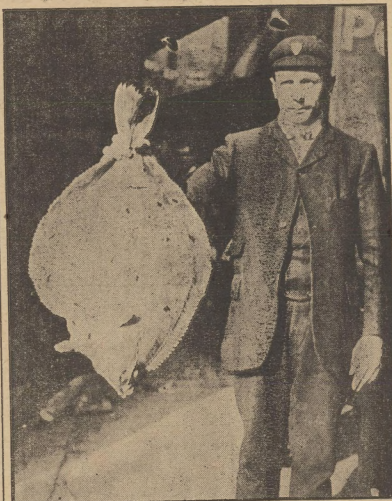
The crowd outside St. Margaret's Church.

PREPARING FOR THE PANTOS.



The theatres are now busily engaged in preparations for the Christmas pantomimes. Here you see a scenic artist at work at one of the West End theatres.

LARGEST PLAICE EVER CAUGHT.



This monster plaice has been on exhibition at Messrs. Spiers and Pond's Stores, and has just been sold to Hon. Walter Rothschild for his museum at Tring. It is said to be the largest plaice ever caught.

MISS LILY BRAYTON.



She has now resumed her part in "The Prayer of the Sword" after her illness.

RUSSIAN



A detachment of Russian artillery training in millet.

THE PREMIER'S WEEK-END.



Beaulieu Manor, in the New Forest, where Mr. Balfour has been the guest of Lord Montagu during the week-end.

KINGSTON'S NEW MUSEUM.



The new museum at Kingston-on-Thames, which is to be opened to-day by Lord Rosebery.

A GIANT CRAB.



The giant crab which has just arrived at the Natural History Museum is from Tasmania, and is shortly to be on exhibition. Note its claw, on the left, which measures 29 inches from tip to toe.



The two which England



THROUGH MIRROR LENSES



ONLY DAUGHTER TO AN ENGLISH OFFICER.



on Saturday waiting to get a glimpse of the bridal couple as they left after the ceremony.



Captain and Mrs. Spender-Clay entering their carriage after the marriage ceremony on Saturday.

TO-NIGHT'S PLAY.



Miss Violet Vanbrugh, who will play the leading lady in Mr. Alfred Sutro's new piece, "The Walls of Jericho"—



—and Mr. Arthur Bourchier, who is producing "The Walls of Jericho" to-night at the Garrick Theatre. Mr. Bourchier will devote the entire proceeds of to-night's performance to the fund for the relief of the relatives of the Hull disaster. (Ellis and Walery.)

TILLERY GOING INTO ACTION.



transporting their guns and ammunition to the firing line under cover of the Copyright of the "Chicago Daily News.")

SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL: LONDON MATCHES.



Rugby: Rosslyn Park v. Lennox, at the old Deer Park, Richmond, on Saturday afternoon. A line-out. Rosslyn Park won by 15 points to 1 try.

A 3,000-MILE MOTOR RUN.



Automobile motor-cars at Land's End on their great run of 3,000 miles, just finished. The cars started on September 21 on a tour through Scotland, and Ireland at the rate of 100 miles a day, and finished their journey at Barnet.

PREPARING FOR THE END.



General Stoessel, the brave defender of Port Arthur. He has telegraphed to the Tsar and Court, saying: "I now bid you all goodbye for ever. Port Arthur will be my grave."



Association: Casuals v. Oxford University, at Tufnell Park. Casuals' inside right in a position to score. The match resulted in a draw—1 goal each.

MORE SCOTTISH HUMOUR.

Stories Old and New From a Fresh Collection of Fun From Over the Border.

THE HUMOURS OF SCOTTISH LIFE. By the Very Rev. John Gillespie, LL.D. Blackwood. Published To-day.

Dr. Gillespie is of opinion that the Scotch are not, as has so often been maintained, destitute of "the saving grace of humour," and to prove that it does not "require a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding," he has produced a book of most amusing anecdotes and recollections. We think he ought to be satisfied. He has surely vindicated his fellow-countrymen from the charge of being humorless.

No one could say, after reading the book, that Scotch professors do not make jokes. Professor Robert Buchanan, of Glasgow University, seems to have been particularly good at repartee.

He was one day examining an impertinent student in logic. "Give me an example of a species, sir," he called out. "Louse!" replied the student promptly. A laugh from the other students. "Oh, indeed, sir!" retorted the professor. "It's quite evident what's running in your head."

Professor Blackie also got the better of his students. He once had occasion to write upon the blackboard: "Professor Blackie regrets that he cannot meet his classes on Thursday." Someone rubbed out the "c," and the professor was thus made to regret his "lasses." But the professor happened to pass by the board, saw the notice, and rubbed out one more letter, so that now the notice ran—"Professor Blackie regrets he cannot meet his asses on Thursday."

HUMOURS OF THE CLOTH.

Scotch clergymen also are obviously sometimes "on the spot."

A man in the street wanted to be funny with the Rev. Walter Dunlop. He said to him, pointing to a church: "Do ye see that midgie on the mitre?" "Aye!" he remarked, "I see it winking with its left eye!"

Mr. Dunlop once took some ale at a cottage. It was flat, but he was thirsty and drank it. He passed the cottage again later, and went in for more. The old woman who gave it him said she feared her ale was dead. "Deed, mistress," said the minister, "I'm not surprised it's dead by this time, for it was very weak when I passed it the forenoon."

One poor clergyman had, as usual, a lot of children. He applied for help to educate one of them out of a fund. The Governor, who administered the fund, told him it was for people in reduced circumstances through innocent misfortune. "My lord," said the applicant, "in relation to this boy on whose behalf I am pleading, I have ten other innocent misfortunes at home."

The author adds that the boy got what he wanted. The Rev. Peter Donaldson had given a soirée and Mrs. Thomson had gone. "I hope you enjoyed it," said the minister, when he met her afterwards. "Oh, aye, and did that, Mr. Donaldson. We see there are twae things a'm extra fond o'." "And what are they?" "Deed, aye, sir, a'll tell ye what they are: jest horses at a circus, and ministers at a soirée."

INDUSTRIOUS WHISKY DRINKERS.

In the land of whisky some amusing things are to be heard about drink.

Whisky is, of course, the only drink worth tasting. Two Highlanders were given champagne at a celebration. After each had consumed two bottles the one said, confidentially to the other, "Alister, a'll be hoping we'll get some whisky afore we gang awa'!" "Yes, man Tonnald," said the other; "they tell me these mineral waters" (pointing to the champagne) "are very weakening." Sometimes whisky-drinking becomes a serious occupation. The author mentions a Mull laird, and compared notes about the whisky they had drunk at a hotel near. "The whisky was weak, was it not?" "Yes," replied the laird; "for a man to get any forwarder drinking whisky at that hotel he must be very industrious indeed!"

Scotch porters are sometimes asked too many questions. A lady asked one of them if the train stopped at Moffat, which happened to be a terminus. "Weel, mum," said the porter, "if it disna stop there, ye'll get an awfu' dunt!"

The good stories in the book are, it will be seen, very numerous. We have chosen some that attract attention on a first reading. Perhaps this grimly original one also ought not to go unquoted.

A gentleman met a ragged urchin crying in the street. "What's making you cry, boy? Have you no one to take care of you?" The boy replied that his father and mother were dead. "Well, but have you not a brother?" "Yes, sir." "Does he not take care of you?" "No, sir, he's in the University."

"What! How long has he been there?" "Three years."

"Able to pay his way at the University and not help you?"

"But, sir, he didna pay anything to get into the University."

"How did he get there without fees?"

"Please, sir, he's in a glass bottle there; he was born wi' twa heads."

THE PREMIER'S SMILE,

Which Told Southampton That the Crisis Was for the Moment Over.

So far, the most dramatic moment of Mr. Balfour's appearance at Southampton has escaped notice.

It was not left to his speech to let his audience know that his message was "Peace," and not "War." They knew it by the smile which lit up his features when he came on to the platform.

It was not a mere stage smile, as strangers to the Premier's little mannerisms might first have suspected. It was a broad, sustained smile, which eloquently foretold the fact that the white-winged messenger of Peace had survived a dark and stormy passage and reached Old England after all.

Many caught the significance of the unspoken story.

"It's peace," "It's over," "The worst has passed," buzzed from a thousand lips.

The Prime Minister, his eyes unusually bright, but pounced by several sleepless nights, calmly felt for his pince-nez, and surveyed the surging multitude with his face beamed.

Only one interpretation was possible. Peace had conquered. Doubt was brushed aside.

Somebody raised a cheer. A wonderful scene followed.

Thrilled and pale with the glorious news, men jumped to their feet. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs. The band crashed out a hymn of triumph. A terrific roar of victorious shouts went up. It lasted several minutes.

Then the audience allowed him to speak, but they knew already what he had to say.

WHAT THE WORLD SAYS.

A Chorus of Praise with Some Discordant Notes.

On the whole, the agreement between Britain and Russia is regarded with satisfaction, though by the two most Conservative papers it is violently attacked. Here are some samples of opinion, both home and foreign:—

The British Chamberlain shows confidence in its own rights.—"Humanity" (French).

It is the naval activity of England that has driven home the remonstrances of the British Government.—"Daily Mail."

Seldom has firmness combined with moderation achieved the ends of statesmanship with greater promise of speedy and complete success.—"Times."

We do not think that the announcement made by the Prime Minister is as clear as it might be, and on this account we doubt very much whether it will satisfy the country.—"Evening News."

At first sight it might seem that the British Government had somewhat compromised the points at issue, but if Mr. Balfour's speech be read as a whole his impression will not, we think, be borne out.—"Daily Chronicle."

With all the desire in the world to seek peace and ensure it, we cannot view without profound suspicion a course of procedure which obliges the British nation to put the vindication of its national rights and honour in any other than British hands.—"Pall Mall Gazette."

The Russian Government have given way a little, but we have given way more. . . . The terms which we accept are far indeed from satisfactory. . . . The whole business comes to a very lame and important conclusion, and it is one that does not greatly redound to the honour and dignity of this country.—"Standard."

Mr. Balfour thinks a better assurance for the future consists in the promises of a foreign Government not usually thought to be famous for keeping its word than in the vindication by Great Britain of her national honour and her admitted rights in such a manner as may deter all and sundry from attempting to repeat the offence.—"Morning Post."

We regard the result as a triumph for common sense, justice, and our common humanity.—"Daily Telegraph."

The British Government has dealt generously with Russia.—"Vossische Zeitung" (German).

England has a fresh claim to be considered the champion of justice and humanity.—"Tribuna" (Italy).

"HEATHEN" PUBLIC-SCHOOL BOYS

A public-schoolmaster sends to the "Spectator" a lament over the growing ignorance of the Bible among boys of the upper middle class.

"I could give many instances within the last two or three years when boys of fifteen and sixteen have not only shown themselves absolutely ignorant of the meaning of Easter, but have been unable to relate even in the barest outlines a single story from the Old Testament. They come to us, for the most part, absolute heathen."

"What is the explanation? Surely it is to be found in the changed attitude towards religion in the home. How many parents now give their children Bible lessons on Sunday? How many even take them to church regularly?"

A "TERRIBLE" TSAR.

Human Fiend Who Ruled Russia in the Sixteenth Century.

Appearing just at a moment when interest is centred upon Russia, "Ivan the Terrible" (translated from the French of M. Waliszewski by Lady Mary Loyd, and published by Heinemann) should be widely read for the sake of the light it throws upon Russian character.

It is difficult to realise that in the days of our own Queen Elizabeth Russia was in a state of absolute barbarism. Here are a few specimens of this ruthlessly ruled savage humour.

Ivan loved his Court jesters, looking to them to drive away his gloom. One day, however, his favourite jester displeased him. So Ivan poured a ladle of boiling soup over the wretched man.

He cried, shrieking with agony, to escape, but the Emperor thrust at him with his dagger and held him down. Seeing him lie motionless he called for the Court doctor.

"Heal my servant; I have played unadvisedly with him," said the Tsar.

"So unadvisedly," returned the physician, bending over the corpse, "that neither God nor your Majesty will ever raise him up again, for there is no breath left in his body."

Ivan raised his hand. "Take the dog away then," said he, and went on with his meal.

NAILED HIS HAT ON.

There is no tale or anecdote of this Tsar revealing other than a cruel and heartless character. It was his habit to use a heavy walking-stick with a spike at the end of it. In order to be certain of engaging the attention of people with whom he might be talking he often used to run the spike into their feet.

Another of his practical jokes had the English Ambassador for its object. This dignitary entered the Throne Room one day without uncovering. "So," said Ivan, "if you won't take off your hat for me, you shan't take it off for anyone." And he promptly had the Ambassador's hat nailed to his head.

It may or may not be true that the architect of a church which Ivan had built had his eyes put out, so that he might not repeat the design. But the very fact that this story was at the time and still is generally believed in Russia shows what kind of a reputation Ivan had.

It was actually proposed that an English girl should be sacrificed to this monster. But, luckily for the Maid of Honour whom Elizabeth selected, the Tsar's envoy sent to see whether she would make a suitable wife reported that she was "not fat enough." So the matter speedily dropped.

"THE MAD FLEET."

Mr. George R. Sims' "Drama of Tomorrow."

SCENE: The Baltic Fleet at sea. On board the Admiral's Flagship off Margate.

THE ADMIRAL (on bridge): Look! What is that?

OFFICER (throwing searchlight on shore): I don't know. I never saw anything like it before.

ADMIRAL: It is perhaps a Japanese infernal machine. Give the order to fire.

(The Russian Fleet bombards a row of bathing-machines on Margate Sands.)

THE MAYOR OF MARGATE (shouting): Hi, stop! What do you mean by damaging our property like this? You are firing on bathing-machines.

ADMIRAL (raising his hat): Ah, pardon; we shall compensate.

MAN ON LIGHTSHIP: Hullo, Bill; here's some ironclads coming. Let's give 'em a fog signal.

ADMIRAL: Great heaven! What was that?

OFFICER: It is the Japanese, they are on a fire-ship!

ADMIRAL: Heaven preserve us! Fire!

(The Fleet pours a hail of shells upon the light-ship.)

MAN ON LIGHTSHIP: Why, you blamed foreigners, do you know you are attacking a light-ship? We are sinking!

ADMIRAL: A lightship! Ah, a thousand pardons. We shall compensate.

PASSENGERS (on shilling sailing-boat): What a lovely day for a shilling sail! Hullo! What are those big vessels?

SKIPPER (looking): They are ironclads; we will sail nearer.

ADMIRAL (observing the approach of the shilling sailing-boat): Help! Here is a boat filled with barbarians coming towards us.

SKIPPER (putting beer-jar to his lips): Your health, gov'nors!

ADMIRAL: Ah! he is going to launch a torpedo.

(The Russian Fleet fires into shilling sailing-boat and sinks it.)

ADMIRAL: Ah! it is a victory! Sailors, your Little Father will be proud of you! (Sends a Marconi message to the Tsar announcing a great victory, gets drunk, and is put to bed in his berth with his cocked hat and all his medals on.)

—MR. G. R. SIMS in the "Referee."

"Yes, we're going to move to Swamphurst."

"But the climate there may disagree with your wife."

"It wouldn't dare!"—Philadelphia Press."

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

WERE THEY GERMAN TORPEDO-BOATS?

If England should be driven into war now with Russia, it would suit Germany's book down to the ground.

Who knows that there were not two German torpedo-boats hovering in the vicinity of our fishing fleet, and accountable for the lively scene?

ONE WHO LIVED IN GERMANY DURING THE TRURO, OCT. 28. BOER WAR.

THE "BLIND EYE" POLICY.

I am a reader of your *Daily Mirror*, and think a very great lot of what your leading articles say.

With reference to yours of the 27th I feel I must write and say that I should have liked to see Lord Charles Beresford do as Nelson did—not see the signals made to him and blow the Baltic Fleet to pieces.

He could say afterwards, "Well, I took them for trawlers that had no right here."

T. R. WAGHORN.

92, Park-avenue, Hull.

IS COURTESY DEAD?

I read a letter under this head the other day. May I give you my experience?

This afternoon I was riding a motor-bicycle. At Elstree I came across a pack of hounds and a lot of people—men and girls—walking with them along the road.

As I approached I slowed up, but this altogether failed to satisfy an old man who was with the hunters. He addressed me in these terms:—"You low blackguard, you devil, you rude beast, why don't you get off? When I was young we were taught to be courteous when ladies were present."

The contrast between his precept and his practice amused me. It may amuse *Mirror* readers as well. St. Albans, Saturday. BEESTON HUMBER.

BOOTBLACKS FOR WOMEN.

Men can have their boots cleaned in public, if they wish it. Women cannot; at least, they do not like to.

Yet they often want their boots cleaned without being obliged to go to a bootblack. Could not some of the large shops afford them this convenience at a small fee?

Or would the County Council set up bootblacks for women? I wonder. COUNTRY COUSIN. Campden Hill Court, Kensington, W.

LETHAL CHAMBERS FOR THE INSANE.

Your correspondent, E. Leyden, says "Is this the proper way to treat one of the Almighty's creatures whom He has seen fit to afflict?"

Let me quote the Bible, which says, "The sins of the fathers are visited on the children to the third and fourth generation."

Most diseases are simply evidences of wrong living, and are, therefore, not the Almighty's action at all, but the creature's own fault.

ARCHER CLARKE.

I notice with regret Edmund Kooy's letter in your columns. His diabolical suggestion—namely, that lunatics should be deprived of their life—is altogether too foreign for us English people.

Look! There is always a possibility of the unfortunate creatures regaining their impaired faculties, and also a favourite old English proverb comes to my mind, "While there is life, there is hope."

FRANK LUCKING.

28, Church-street, Rugby.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA.

Mr. Wood Conducts Its First Concert 'and Wins Another Triumph.

In the few months which he has had to form his new orchestra Mr. Wood has worked wonders. By his unflinching energy, coupled with his genius for orchestral work, he has again possessed himself of a band, which, if not as fine as the old one, is, nevertheless, very efficient, and is, moreover, improving rapidly.

Saturday's symphony concert gave the first real opportunity of judging its merits. The verdict was undoubtedly favourable.

Elgar's "Granada and Dorian" music, one of the finest works our leading composer has written, was given with finished expression and delicacy. Later on in the programme, Tchaikovsky's "Mandrin" symphony received a striking interpretation at Mr. Wood's hands.

The soloist of the occasion was M. Raoul Pugno, the eminent French pianist, who was given a great ovation for his delightful playing of Mozart's immortal D minor concerto.

"TO AN OMNIBUS."

This is the verse which won a prize offered by the "Westminster" for the best "address to an omnibus":—

Archaic coach, still lagging on the stage,

Grotesque survival of a bygone age,

That, struggling gamely with thy lumbering load,

Still help'st to swell the clamour of the road:

Whence great-grandpapa, in the years to come,

Retrieveth their absurd with abundant gum,

Thy shape will draw their wondering regard,

Quaintly preserved upon some Christmas-card!

Starts To-day.

Our New Serial.

THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By ANDREW LORING, Author of "Mr. Smith of England."

CHAPTER I.

The Queen of the Orchids.

Lady Gascoyne, brilliant as an Admiral butterfly shimmering under a summer sun, stood for an instant at the head of her dinner table.

"Alanson," said her ladyship, addressing her husband, "I know you will want Mr. Tourtillotte to your side."

"Oh, yes, please."

The end of this manoeuvre was that a parchmented old gentleman, who had brought her ladyship to dinner, went round by his host. Sir Warren Mordaunt was promoted to the right of Lady Gascoyne, and Richard Deverill, in the re-shuffling, came on the other side of his hostess.

Now, triumphant, Lady Gascoyne sat down, and not a glance from under her long lashes to the left, indignant, Gertrude Gascoyne saw the look, and it her lip. She realised that, under pretext of leaving a husband, Rosamond had placed Dick Deverill next to herself.

"I haven't sat down at such a table as this—not twenty years, Alanson," said Mr. Tourtillotte, as he looked at the table, so perfectly arranged, at the gleaming glass, the shaded lights, the lovely covers, the exquisite linen, and then at the crowning ornaments—the two ladies, each so beautiful in her own way.

"It seems a liberty," he said in a low voice, as he took his seat; "Sir Alanson Gascoyne—Mr. Justice Gascoyne—Judge of the High Court—I cannot realise it. You don't look thirty-five—not a ray hair—hardly a wrinkle. Where is your fountain of youth?"

"There," cried the Judge, looking fondly across his wife.

"She's worthy of you. I can't give her higher praise. Who's on her left—her brother, perhaps?" The Judge's eyes contracted suddenly. So the old man had noted it also—that slight, vague air of intimacy which enveloped this couple at the other end of the table; an intangible suggestion of camaraderie, not to be analysed, to be felt rather than seen.

"That's a Mr. Deverill," answered the Judge.

"You ought to be a happy man, Gascoyne." The Judge raised his eyes once again for one swift instant, and again they rested on the lovely face of his wife, and on the man at her left hand. "Yes, I am happy," he answered; and then he drew in a long breath, which sounded like a stifled gh.

Mr. Tourtillotte turned his attention to a young man at his right whose flushed face and loud comments had already drawn the Judge's eyes upon him unfavourably.

"I think I have known your people, Mr. Mordaunt," he said.

"Jolly glad to see you back," cried Hugh Mordaunt in a loud voice, as he drank off another glass of wine. "Brazil—high—twenty years' mooning about on the Amazon—regiments of 'em—Amazonians, mean. I say, are they as stunning as they look now?"

Mr. Justice Gascoyne touched Hugh Mordaunt in the arm, and abruptly checked his disjointed comments.

"Hughie," he said in a whisper, "I've forgotten something. There is an old woman who sells newspapers at the Judges' entrance to the Law Courts. I forgot to get mine to-night. Will you go to her, get my paper, and post it to me—now, Lady Gascoyne will excuse you, I am sure."

Broad-shouldered Hugh Mordaunt straightened up as he listened, and looked astonishment at his strange request. The Judge's eyes were fixed firmly on him, and the Judge's head nodded towards the door. Mordaunt's face turned fiery red, and then, without a word, he rose from the table and abruptly left the room.

Lady Gascoyne saw him go with some dismay. "At my request," explained the Judge across the table to his wife, "I have forgotten something. He has kindly promised to put it right."

Gertrude Gascoyne's high-bred, gentle face was white as the cloth on the table, her eyes were bent down on her plate, her upper lip was pressed down close. Many things were clear to her now. This old playmate of her tomboy days, this hero of her younger girlhood, this friend of her budding womanhood, had not once been to see her during the month she had been in London. Now, at last, he came—and in such wise that her brother had thought it necessary to take this extreme step.

"Was it necessary?" she whispered to the Judge, most indignantly. She adored him, her stern father—but he was nearly twenty years older—had been more father than brother.

He nodded, and pointed to a wineglass.

The others had fallen into general conversation.

"Onyx marble!"

The question was uttered with such bullet-like precision that everyone started, and turned to the speaker—young Mr. Skerrett.

"Yes," answered Mr. Tourtillotte. "Up on the

banks of the Yapura, way beyond the head-waters of the Amazon—ten miles square of it—marvellous stuff—translucent, exquisitely veined. I am a botanist, not a geologist, so I didn't pay much attention to it."

"You have specimens?"

"Oh, yes, half a dozen."

"Mr. Brasser, the financier, is crazy about onyx," cried Skerrett. "You know there isn't much of it in the world, and the demand for it increases tremendously. Banks, insurance offices, houses, they're all sheathed in it these days."

Mr. Tourtillotte chuckled at the young man's eagerness.

"Mr. Brasser—who is he?"

"Why—the Brasser. I am his private secretary."

There was a smile about the table.

Brasser, the jovial, eccentric financier, the "jolly dog," was contributing to the gaiety of London at this time. The day was dull when his name was not in the papers.

"There is something decidedly original in a man whose name makes the world smile when it is mentioned," said Sir Alanson; "he was referred to in the paper before me to-day—"

"Ah, the moneylender case—I read of it," said Sir Warren.

The Judge chanced to be looking at Skerrett.

He noticed the sudden change that came over the young man's face. "Ah," he thought to himself,

"Mr. Skerrett is unpleasantly reminded—moneylenders—he is in debt."

"A fact," continued Sir Alanson, "or, rather, Elinor, for that is his real name; an Armenian, come from Persia to eat up our prodigals."

"This Mr. Elton," cried Gertrude, "has a daughter—a girl of startling beauty—oh, quite an Oriental picture."

"And where did you meet this Princess of Trebizond?" asked her brother, with an amused interest.

"At a bazaar—she had a stall—she sold Oriental stuffs, beautiful things. Eunice Merriam took me. Her people are dissenters, you know."

"Yes, poor child," said Lady Gascoyne, with vast assumption of pity.

"Miss Elton is a Methodist. Her mother was English. Oh, I took a fancy to her. She has been to see me."

Lady Gascoyne raised her eyebrows plaintively. Her unconventional sister-in-law gave her at least one shock each time they met.

"You have never seen the father, Gertrude?" asked her brother.

She shook her head.

"Then don't," he said, "or your romance will crumble."

"I know it's no use warning you, Gertrude—but for heaven's sake don't bring this tropical floweret here," said Lady Gascoyne.

"I shouldn't presume, dear," said Gertrude, sweetly. "He kills us all. She is the only woman in the room."

A double-headed arrow was thus shot. Gertrude, in effect, said that the moneylender's daughter excelled her sister-in-law in beauty; and hinted at Lady Gascoyne's inability to tolerate rivals.

Mr. Tourtillotte had succumbed to the charm of his hostess. He recalled an orchid of rare beauty, which he had discovered near the head waters of the Amazon, unique in this, that no other flower of any kind was to be found in its immediate neighbourhood. The old man had amused himself by building up fancies about this precious bloom. The idea which had pleased him most, the one which he liked to recall, was that this queenly flower was so unapproachable that no other bloom would come near it, to be killed by the inevitable comparison. He looked at his hostess, and came to a sudden resolve.

"Lady Gascoyne," he cried abruptly, as he smiled from out his long white beard, and peered at his hostess. "He recalled an orchid of rare beauty, which he had discovered near the head waters of the Amazon, unique in this, that no other flower of any kind was to be found in its immediate neighbourhood. The old man had amused himself by building up fancies about this precious bloom. The idea which had pleased him most, the one which he liked to recall, was that this queenly flower was so unapproachable that no other bloom would come near it, to be killed by the inevitable comparison. He looked at his hostess, and came to a sudden resolve."

"Lady Gascoyne," he cried abruptly, as he smiled from out his long white beard, and peered at his hostess. "He recalled an orchid of rare beauty, which he had discovered near the head waters of the Amazon, unique in this, that no other flower of any kind was to be found in its immediate neighbourhood. The old man had amused himself by building up fancies about this precious bloom. The idea which had pleased him most, the one which he liked to recall, was that this queenly flower was so unapproachable that no other bloom would come near it, to be killed by the inevitable comparison. He looked at his hostess, and came to a sudden resolve."

"Rosamond," answered her ladyship promptly, uttering the word with that slight, almost indefinable lip which had been hers since babyhood, and which helped to complete the impression of exquisite dependence which she made on all men.

"Good," he answered. "A beautiful name—a fine, friendly mouthful, not one of your childish names that staggers a botanist when he comes to Latinise it."

All the guests about the table were silent now, waiting with smiling interest to see what he was about to do with the Christian name of their hostess. He took from his pocket a little piece of paper.

"Please hand it to Lady Gascoyne," he said to Skerrett.

"Oh, glorious," cried Lady Gascoyne.

"It's the most wondrous thing I've brought back. I am not an orchid hunter, but when a crowning splendour like that smiles on you, you can't ignore it. You can't tell very much about it from a hasty water-colour like this. I have only one point, I've lost four. My boat was overturned in the Yapura. The purple of the labellum is far richer than that, and the sepals are more graceful in outline."

"What I love about it," cooed Lady Gascoyne,

"is that it is not a flaunting flower, not one of those staring blossoms that compel admiration. It woos you; it doesn't command. It is exquisite. See, Gertrude."

Lady Gascoyne's great eyes were shining with exhilaration. His question foreshadowed the splendid compliment which he was about to pay her. A new, wonderful orchid was to bear her name.

The old gentleman, formal in his methods, realising that he was doing honour to the lovely wife of his old pupil, rose to his feet.

"Lady Gascoyne," he said, bowing, "I have come back to civilisation after years of absence. The most delightful welcome that I have received has been from him whom I loved as a boy, and from his wife, whose acquaintance I now make. I believe that this still unnamed orchid which I have discovered, will be regarded as the queen of all that wonderful family of magnificent blooms. I honour the flower in asking your ladyship to be its godmother. May I call it after you?"

A murmur of pleasure went all about the table. The Judge whispered "Bravo, Tourtillotte." He loved to hear his wife praised, to have her complimented.

"How kind-of course—I think," said Lady Gascoyne, but the old gentleman went on to speak.

"I believe," he continued, "that there is an orchid house at your place at Compton Knollys."

"Yes; we grow them still," interrupted Sir Alanson.

"Then," resumed Mr. Tourtillotte, "I shall send the plant there—the only existing specimen. I ask you to accept it, Lady Gascoyne."

There was an instant's silence. Even Lady Gascoyne was at a loss for words.

"My dear fellow," protested the Judge, "you must not present it to us. We will take care of it for you—"

"No, no," interrupted the old man. "It shall belong to Lady Gascoyne, and nobody else."

Lady Gascoyne rose from her place, glided in graceful deliberation to the side of Mr. Tourtillotte, bent over, and kissed him on the forehead.

"The greatest compliment of my life," she said softly, "and I have not words to thank you."

Then she went back to her place; and Tourtillotte, to conceal his delighted embarrassment, began hurriedly talking to the Judge.

Meanwhile, Lady Gascoyne was exchanging asides with Dick Deverill.

"Lucky lady—to be crowned Queen of the Orchids," Deverill was murmuring.

"Everybody but me had crowned me, Dick, it would be perfect," she whispered.

The dinner proceeded very quietly after this resplendent tribute from the botanist. Many topics were touched upon. It was not long before someone spoke of Brasser, the financier, again.

"The chap's a distant connection of mine—though we have never met," said Deverill.

"He is very amusing. He comes to Lady Chetnoles."

"Lord Chetnoles is in some good things with Mr. Brasser," said Skerrett.

Gertrude Gascoyne was staying with her intimate friend, Lady Chetnoles. She rarely stopped with her sister-in-law when she came to London. The latter was usually in the country.

Dessert had now been on the table for ten minutes. Deverill had been fidgeting nervously for some time. At last he took out his watch furtively, and then pressed Lady Gascoyne's knee under the table.

Lady Gascoyne nodded to Gertrude, and the latter prepared to rise, had crowned her.

"I know," said her ladyship, with her most engaging smile, addressing Mr. Tourtillotte, "that you won't mind my running away now. You will be coming to us often, of course; and next time I shall have longer notice, and can keep the evening free."

"Lady Gascoyne must be in great demand," said Mr. Tourtillotte gallantly, but there was a hint of surprise in his manner. He did not know that some London society ladies will consult their own wishes, even if they have just been crowned Queen of the Orchids.

"I mustn't keep you from your wife, Alanson," he said, half rising.

Everybody but the Judge smiled. They could not help it. It really seemed so absurd that anyone should think that because a wife was going it followed that her husband was going too.

"You must go, Rose?" asked the Judge.

"I must, dear. The Derwents and Mrs. La Grange are to meet us at the theatre, and I hate to be there without my lovely. We are that, now."

Hearing the "we" the Judge was somehow relieved.

"Ah, you are going, Gertrude?" he cried.

"No," she answered.

"Good Gertrude," said smiling Lady Gascoyne, "she will play and sing for you. I will, the next time. My nightingale's engagements are imperative. Thank you so much for the orchid, Mr. Tourtillotte. Come, Dick."

"You'll excuse me, Sir Alanson?" asked the latter.

"Of course—I hope you'll enjoy it, Rose."

"Thanks, dear. I may go on to the Roxel; if so, I shall be late."

Then Lady Gascoyne sailed out of the room with Richard Deverill in tow, and there was silence for one brief instant.

"Rosamond is so popular, Mr. Tourtillotte," Gertrude said, "that her hours are crowded during the season."

"And I encourage it," said the Judge, "because I am so occupied. Half a Judge's work is done at home."

Gertrude turned to go.

"Will you play?" cried Mr. Tourtillotte eagerly. "I have not heard a piano for years."

"Will you come now?" she asked. "You may have a cigarette in the drawing-room."

"May we all come?" cried Sir Warren.

"Good," said the Judge. "Go on—I'll be with you in a minute. I'll send coffee to you."

Left alone, Sir Alanson Gascoyne stood for one instant rigid, hands clenched, teeth set, his face lined, his expression one of passionate concern.

"No—no—it can't be," he said to himself; "I am foolishly jealous; I—," and then the footman entered with coffee, and Mr. Justice Gascoyne was instantly himself again.

An hour later Hugh Mordaunt came running with scant ceremony into the drawing-room. His face was flushed, but, somehow, it did not seem now to be the effect of alcohol.

"Oh, pardon me," he cried; "but I heard Lady Gascoyne say before dinner that she was going to 'La Veine.' Has she gone?"

"Yes—yes—what is it—why—?"

"The theatre is in a blaze."

The Judge was in the street before the words were fairly out of Hugh's mouth.

CHAPTER II.

Where Had She Been?

Gertrude Gascoyne stood before the celebrated painting of her sister-in-law. She gazed into the large liquid eyes, and regarded intently the ripe, red lips. Danger—death—could they come to such vitality, to such beauty?

"No—no," she murmured, as she wrung her hands, and then she turned and started as she saw Hugh Mordaunt watching her from the door.

"Not gone with the others?" she cried. He shrugged his shoulders and threw out his hands.

"I can do nothing there," he answered in a low tone.

"What do you mean?" cried the girl, as she came and stood in front of him. "Is it—she—"

"Come and look." He led the way through the dimly-lighted front drawing-room, and flung aside the heavy brocade curtain.

The sky was a blaze of red.

Gertrude uttered a cry of horror. She caught him by the arm, then withdrew her hand as though it had been stung. Even in that moment both unconsciously felt the significance of her action. Hugh Mordaunt stepped back to the side.

"Were you inside?" she said, again confronting him. "Tell me everything you know. People got out, of course? There was no panic?"

"I fear the worst," he said in a husky voice. "I was not far away. I heard cries; I saw people running; I followed—only curiosity. Then a tongue of flame shot into the street, and I remembered. I tried to get in, of course. It was the impulse of the moment. I was flung aside. Some got out, yes. Then they stopped coming. The fire seemed to be in the front—and there was panic."

"I must go to Alanson," Gertrude cried wildly. "It will kill him."

She started for the door. He caught her by the wrists. She stood stock still trembling.

"You must stay here," he said. "You cannot find him in the crowd. A mad mob of thousands jams the street. You must not give way, Gertrude. All your firmness may be needed."

"Yes—I must stay," she said. He let go her wrists, and her hands fell listless to her side.

"I have been blunt, abrupt," he said. "I have not told you the worst at once."

"Oh, yes, you did right," he murmured. "Poor Rosamond—awful. What kind of man is Mr. Deverill?"

She asked the question in an altered voice, hardly conscious of what she was saying. She spoke the thought that was nearest her heart.

"Deverill?" repeated Mordaunt, astonished. "You ask about him—why, you have known him since he was a little boy."

"Yes, yes—in one way. You forget he has been in the colonies for years. What is he—really—in his heart?"

"Oh, what matter about him?" exclaimed Mordaunt with nervous impatience. He was the one who was trembling, and the tip of a dry tongue was slipping backwards and forwards over parched lips. Instantly sobered by what he had seen and heard, he was now suffering from reaction. He felt that he must have stimulant, or he would collapse.

"What matter?" she repeated slowly. "He took her—he is with her."

He looked at her with a sudden sympathy which she could not understand; but she was grateful for it. He was more like the friend of old days now.

"Can I send anybody to you—your maid or anybody?" he said in a voice of pity.

"What is Deverill—among men?" she repeated, quite mechanically.

A good sort—a sportsman, poor devil," he answered thickly. "I shall be back in a minute. Here—sit down—try and—oh, there may be some hope—I—"

He broke off short, and rushed out. He ran to the dining-room, seized a decanter, and poured

THE JUDGE'S SECRET—OUR THRILLING NEW SERIAL, CONTINUED.

out half a tumbler of cognac. He gulped it down, neat, and then stood clenching and unclenching his hands, and knotting his face into curious, ghastly expressions. Gradually the stimulus of the alcohol came to him, and his pallid countenance relaxed its tension, his aching nerves ceased to torture him.

"Deverill—off with Lady Gascoyne," he muttered to himself, "and Gertrude left behind. What can that mean? If he is dead, perhaps—I—"

He shivered, and ran away from the thought ashamed.

He stood at the door of the drawing-room and watched Gertrude.

She had again gone over the window. He hurried to her side.

He broke into passionate praises of Deverill. He felt that he was speaking of the dead, to a girl bereft of her lover.

"Absolutely straight, you say?" she cried at length. "He would not be treacherous—he would not—"

She hesitated, and Mordaunt felt that he had guessed aright. Deverill had won Gertrude Gascoyne's love, then had fallen under the spell of her sister-in-law.

Mordaunt took up once again the pen of praise. "I am relieved," said Gertrude at length. "I did not know you admired him so much."

Admired him! Mordaunt had hated Deverill ever since that morning in which Lady Gascoyne had come to him and told him that Gertrude loved Deverill, that the match was suitable, that he, Mordaunt, without prospects, ought not to stand in Gertrude's light—and he had believed her, and stayed away.

The minutes dragged on with horrible deliberation. They had ceased to talk.

Suddenly they started. Three or four clocks in different places began to sound eleven.

Gertrude came over to Mordaunt, and put her hand on his arm. He breathed a deep sigh of relief as he saw that for the first time that night tears were in her eyes.

"Hughie," she said in a low voice, broken by a sob, "I have been very unjust to Rosamond."

He stretched out his arm. He was about to

place his hand on her head, and press it down on to his shoulder, when suddenly her fingers tightened on his arm. Her clutch actually gave him pain.

Then the two stood staring into the back drawing-room beyond the arch.

Lady Gascoyne, smiling gaily, stood under the light, and looked at herself in the glass as she took off her filmy chiffon opera cloak.

There was something so uncanny in the sudden appearance of this languid apparition of careless beauty that the two watchers could only stand dazed.

Lady Gascoyne stood long before the mirror, turned her face from one side to the other, applied her dainty handkerchief with caressing fingers to her two cheeks—which, to do her justice, had no artificial colour; then she patted, apparently with high approval, her white, beautifully sloping shoulder, gave a touch of the finger to a tiny knot on the narrow band that held her corsage in place, then—but Hughie Mordaunt came suddenly to realise things.

"She didn't go," he whispered, breathless, "she does not know. Be quiet until I get out."

He slipped noiselessly to the door that led from the front drawing-room into the hall, and quietly as a ghost made his way down the stairs.

"Excited, kept up," he said to himself, "can it be? It seemed like that. Somebody—somebody whose praise she drinks, drinks as I do wine—has been praising her, point by point. Was she recalling his words as she studied herself in the glass? Was it Deverill?"

Gertrude stepped towards the back drawing-room, gazing as at a spirit, still dazed, still haunted by a sense of unreality.

"Gertrude!" cried Lady Gascoyne sharply. "Good heavens, how you startled me. What on earth are you doing here alone in the dark?"

"I almost think," stammered Gertrude, "that I must have been asleep—dreaming—that's it."

Lady Gascoyne, struck by the singular voice with which these words were uttered, stared at her sister-in-law.

"Dreaming, my dear child—I should think you had been from your expression. You really ought to have been with me. The play was lovely."

"Yes—yes—the play?"

"My dear girl, yes, the play—but it wasn't a

tragedy, I assure you. It simply tripped along. Oh, the gayest, the most amusing trifle."

"Then you did see it?" gasped Gertrude. Could Hugh Mordaunt have made a mistake about the theatre?

Said Gertrude, said Lady Gascoyne, as she looked at herself once again in the mirror, "positively, if you don't wake up and talk like a human being, I shall ring for my maid, and send you home to Margaret Chetnole with the message that you must be put promptly to bed."

Her ladyship laughed gaily, flung herself into a chair, and kicked off one of her tiny satin slippers. "Mrs. La Grange," interrupted Gertrude, "what did she think of it?"

"The only thing she could," was the laughing answer; "the same thing that everybody in the house thought, that it was positively screaming."

"Did you have a good house?" stammered Gertrude mechanically.

"Framed. And when the curtain fell on the last act—"

"And—Mr. Deverill?" asked Gertrude, still unable to believe that nothing had happened.

"Mr. Deverill—from you, Gertrude. Why, you never called the boy anything but Dick in your whole life. He wanted to take the lot of us to the Savoy to supper. He's awfully generous that way, you know. He can't afford it, so I wouldn't let him. Rather nice of me, don't you think?"

"Very considerate," said Gertrude.

"I don't know if I have ever enjoyed myself more in all my life," said her ladyship.

Then she leaned back lazily and clasped her hands behind her head. She seemed for a instant to forget where she was. Her great luminous eyes appeared to be seeing something which was far away, and her red lips were slightly parted in a smile, while she drew in a long, deep breath.

Gertrude, more bewildered now than ever, looked at her with the conviction that there was in her a new note of vivid exhilaration.

Rosamond gave a sudden start, seemed to wake to the poor young man, my dear," said Amy to her, when Stephen had left the room. "Considering that he has gone through the most terrible experiences a man ever endured, and gone through them for your sake, you were cool, distinctly cool, Hilda."

"I really believe," she said hastily, "that I saw your new friend in the theatre, your moneylender's

daughter. We sat in the fourth row of the stalls, and just behind me was a radiant exotic beauty. We all agreed that she could only be accounted for by a combination of Oriental and Methodist."

Gertrude now came to a conclusion, deeply mortifying to her. Hugh Mordaunt, with muddled mind, had certainly made a mistake about the theatre. The other, close by, had been burned. He had given her brother this terrible hour of anxiety for nothing.

"What a sweet old person," cried Lady Gascoyne, "Mr. Tourillotte is. Fancy, Gertrude—an orchid named after me. It made me happy."

"Rosamond," cried Gertrude, "there has been a terrible—"

Her words were interrupted by the sudden incoming of her brother. His face was deeply cut with lines which two hours ago had not been there, his clothing was in disorder, there was a bruise on his cheek. He stopped short as he saw his wife. His brain seemed to be telling him that his eye was deceiving him. He tried to speak, no word came from his parched throat.

"Lance," cried her ladyship, springing to her feet, and giving him the pet name which she usually kept for the boudoir, "what has happened—what is the matter?"

"Thank God, thank God!" cried the Judge, as he clasped her in his arms, and rested his head on her shoulder.

"How did you get out?" he asked brokenly, after an instant.

Her white arms were about his neck, and her answer was only to press them closer. She was profoundly moved by his deep agitation. She had never seen her husband like this before.

What had happened? She darted a quick, appealing look over his shoulder at Gertrude. Her great eyes shot a passionate supplication for the slightest clue.

It was the mute appeal of a desperate woman who realised that there was something she ought to be told, but which she could not understand. Something had happened between her going out and coming home—some vital crisis, some danger to herself. She felt that if her instinct failed to divine the real facts of the situation she was lost.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

TILL THE DEAD SPEAK.

By META SIMMINS, Author of "The Bishop's Wife."

CHAPTER XLIV.

Out of the Furnace.

Stephen Latham opened his eyes on a world so full of pain that it seemed as though he were back in the place where he had suffered torture.

"I think he is coming to life," he heard a voice murmur; the whisper was followed by a warning "Hush." He struggled to move.

"Yes?" he muttered feebly, in that strangled voice in which men speak when newly-awakened out of sleep.

The image of Amy interposed itself still more between him and the world; a hand as soft as velvet and as cool as grass was laid on his brow. He smiled.

"Doctor, he is coming to; he recognises me!"

Then Stephen became aware of another shadow, the shadow of Dr. Fremantle—how was he here? Surely it was very strange. A glimmering of the reality of his surroundings began to dawn on Stephen.

"There was a fire," he murmured.

"A holocaust, monsieur," replied the doctor.

"But the lady of your heroic devotion—she is safe, monsieur."

"And with me, Stephen," interposed Amy.

"Dear Hilda is with me."

Stephen smiled, a whimsical smile, directed at the doctor. "But surely you and I should not be here. Judging from my last recollection, we should be dead. . . . we fell. . . . there was a sea of flame."

The doctor smiled away.

"Monsieur, there are many who are not here. The Princess, Mr. Ferris, some thirty of my guests, many women and children and young men."

"Mr. Ferris?" repeated Stephen.

"Dead," replied Amy in a whisper. "His poor body was not recognisable. Dust to dust, ashes to ashes, till the Last Day come."

Stephen uttered a little cry, and looked up into her eyes.

In the days which followed Amy showed herself an admirable, if inexorable, nurse. It was with the utmost difficulty that Stephen drew even the most menial details regarding the disaster at the theatre.

Mrs. Raycroft, he understood, had been rescued in an almost dying condition, so shockingly burned as to be practically unrecognisable.

Of Hilda it was more difficult to make her talk. Gradually, little by little, with infinite difficulty, he pieced together the story, from the day of her flight to that awful moment when she had found herself on the stage of the Fifth Circle of Paradise, compelled to whirl in that dance of degradation.

As Stephen lay there, in his enforced silence, he conned the story over and over again, fitting it in

with the history of Hilda's mother, as he knew it from the manuscript confession of Edward Wells.

And with every hour his desire to see Hilda grew apace. He longed to speak face to face with her, to hear her whole strange story.

"So soon?" said Stephen pleadingly, as he looked at Amy in the doorway. "Why, I've been here such a short time. I have only just come! I have not tired you, have I, Hilda? No—you see. Amy is a tyrant; she has ruled me with a rod of iron during my illness!"

"Amy is a dear," said Hilda, in her sweet, weak voice. "She has been an angel to me."

"Does she do me credit?" Amy asked Stephen, with mock severity. "Is she more like the Hilda you used to know?"

Stephen took refuge in a smile. He did not dare to say from very unlike this wan-checked, haggard-eyed woman was to the sparkling, vivacious girl of long ago.

Hilda noticed his embarrassment, and laughed.

"How cruel you are to the poor man! He thinks I am a fright, and dare not say so!"

At a warning look from Amy, Stephen stood up.

He bent over the girl's hand; his lips touched it. "You know what I think you, Hilda," he whispered, "what I have always thought."

Hilda drew away her hand, with a little jerk; her pale cheeks had flushed rosy red. She frowned, but a little smile trembled on her lips. He hardly knew if she were angry or not, when he left her.

"I don't think you showed much gratitude to the poor young man, my dear," said Amy to her, when Stephen had left the room. "Considering that he has gone through the most terrible experiences a man ever endured, and gone through them for your sake, you were cool, distinctly cool, Hilda."

"Don't," said Hilda, with a sharp note of pain in her voice. "You hurt me horribly; you cannot think what I feel about the matter."

Amy laughed. "How ridiculous you are!" she said. "There is but one way in which you can reward Stephen Latham, and that is the way you will take, when the day comes."

Hilda's eyes were bright. She understood completely what her friend meant.

The room in which Myra Raycroft lay was pink and white—delicately pink like the leaves of a La France rose, creamily white like a magnolia flower.

The pink blinds were down, the light which filtered through them was tender and discreet, the most kindly light which could fall upon the ravages in a complexion. But only blindness could have hid from her the ravages in Myra's face.

Nervous Disorders

Nerve Troubles Disappear by Taking Bishop's Tonules

The number of nervous disorders is almost unlimited. They show their presence by lassitude, depression, fatigue, inability to concentrate the attention, impaired mental and nervous vitality, general debility, nervous exhaustion, and in innumerable other ways. If the progress of the trouble be unchecked, graver signs of nerve derangement will appear.

Stop the trouble at the start. Arrest the process of nervous exhaustion before it goes further. Restore your nerves now. You can do this by taking Bishop's Tonules, which will soon pull you together and put new life into your whole system. When Bishop's Tonules are used the appetite is improved, the food is better assimilated, the liver is stimulated, the flow of bile is increased, and fresh nerve tissue is soon made. That nerve restoration follows the use of Bishop's Tonules is proved by the experience of thousands.

Bishop's Tonules are prepared only by Alfred Bishop, Limited, Spelman-street, Mile End New Town, London, and may be obtained from any Chemist or Drug Store for 2s. 6d. per vial (containing 14 days' treatment) or direct from Alfred Bishop, Limited, for 2s. 6d. post free. Procure a supply to-day and personally prove the truth of the statements made. We shall be pleased to give any further information on the subject if readers will write to us.

I, B. writes:—"I took Bishop's Tonules for a relapse after influenza, and they did all you claim for them." B. H. writes:—"I have now gone through a fortnight's course of Bishop's Tonules with great benefit. I was suffering from great nervousness and depression, which have now almost disappeared, especially the latter." S. H. writes:—"Bishop's Tonules for nervous weakness and brain fatigue are doing my husband good. H. T. writes:—"Bishop's Tonules have made quite a new man of me."

Her head and cheek were bandaged still, but one saw the scorched nose, the twisted mouth, the sunken, pained eyes, only too clearly.

She had turned away her head from the light. She did not see that the nurse had slipped from the room—that the doctor had taken her place.

"What time is it?" she asked in an indistinct voice, which broke in on the little moaning cry with which she had been solacing herself.

"Four o'clock," answered the man. "You are not asleep?"

"You! No, I am not asleep. What do you want? Why do you persist in coming here?"

"I love you."

The figure on the bed moved.

"You love this? Have you no mercy, no pity, that even now you come to mock me?"

For answer the man flung himself on his knees beside the bed.

"Myra! Ma chérie! You must listen, you must believe—it is you that I love. Not the shell, not this poor scarred face, these dear blistered hands! What do they matter? You will be better—the pain will go—then you will marry me. We will have this grey land, and live a new life together under sunny skies, we who are what the world calls sinners."

"No, no, my friend. It is a dream, and nothing more than a dream, a beautiful dream of the better part of your heart. Keep it. Think of me, not as I am now, but as I was when you leaned on my shoulder and called me the keeper of your conscience."

There was a little silence between them.

"Ah, but you will think better of it," he cried, not threateningly, but pleadingly.

"Never! Such years as remain to me I must spend in reparation for the years that are gone. God has given me my chance—I see that—and I must take it. There are places, my brother, where women spend their lives in prayer—for such women as I was. It is there that I shall go, there that I shall die."

The man bent his head on the bed, with a sound of a stifled sob.

Eighteen months later a man and a woman stood together, looking out on the old-world garden of an English rectory. It was the drowse of the afternoon, and the very flowers seemed sleepy.

"This time to-morrow, Hilda," said the man, and looked into her eyes, "our marriage will be over, and we shall have shut the door upon the past for ever—the door that can never be opened till the dead speak."

"I suppose it is wicked to be so happy when—when he is dead, and there is so much sorrow and misery left behind," she said after a pause.

"I think we have had our share of sorrow and misery," he said quietly. "But don't let us think of that. The future lies before us, the golden, beautiful future."

She smiled.

"I am as happy as any woman need ever hope to be," she said. "I was only throwing my little sop to the gods, lest they be too envious of us—that was all." THE END.

Owing to pressure on our space, our Woman's Page is held over, but will appear as usual to-morrow.

The Fat that Cures



NURSE MUSGRAVE

THE fat that cures is the fat taken from the liver of the cod fish. If you think that cod liver oil is just the same as any other fat,—as some people say—try to cure that cold with butter, beef suet, olive oil, or any other oil! Then when all these things fail—as they will—try Scott's Emulsion and your cure will begin with the first dose. No other oil the world produces, no other product chemists have ever combined can even approach cod liver oil in curative value! Cod Liver Oil, as prepared in Scott's Emulsion, enters directly into the structural fat of the body. And in Scott's Emulsion the cod liver oil has been deprived of its three objectionable qualities,—bad taste, bad smell, and the difficulty of digestion. In preparing cod liver oil for Scott's Emulsion the disagreeable taste and smell are removed, and the oil is made digestible even for the weakest stomach.

Miss Jessie G. Musgrave, a certificated nurse, 6, Algate, Durham, wrote us on June 2nd, 1904: "Last January I was suffering from a very irritating short, dry cough. The preparations tried did not relieve it. At last I tried Scott's Emulsion and was pleased to find I could assimilate it well, which had not been the case with oils I had previously taken. After a few bottles of Scott's Emulsion my cough was quite cured and my run-down system quite built up. I have since recommended it in many cases and it has always been well liked and invariably gives the best results."

This quality, its digestibility, makes the cod liver oil in Scott's Emulsion three times as efficacious—by actual hospital tests—as the same oil plain; three times as curative. In Scott's Emulsion therefore you get the fat that cures in its most curative form. It is more than useful for all throat, lung, blood, and bone diseases. It is remarkably useful for children's cases.

If you would like to note the operation of "The Fat that Cures," send 4d. (per postage) to-day, with the name of this paper, to SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 10 & 11, Stonecutter St., E.C., and you will receive free sample bottle and a charming little booklet that will amuse the children for hours.

ATORA BEEF SUET



There is nothing like it. No other suet called Aтора. There's a big lot of comfort and convenience in a small package of Aтора.

Puddings and mince meat are not the only things in which it is used. It helps you make all kinds of pastry, and do frying and cooking as well. It helps use up the left-overs.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT. FREE—Booklet sent tells how to use Aтора for making all kinds of good things to eat. Write to Huron & Co. Ltd., Penfold, Manchester.

HENRY GLAVE

Will Offer for Sale on MONDAY, October 31, a special purchase of

Black and Coloured Silks

Bought under very favourable circumstances, all fresh goods, new, and down to date.

5,000 Yards Venetian Satin	1/4 per yard.
8,000 Yards Satin	1/4 " "
Black Stripes and Plain Taffetas	1/4 " "
Black Silk Merve, Coloured Spots	1/4 " "
Chiffon Taffetas Silks	1/4 " "
Washing Silks for Gossams	1/4 " "
Crêpe de Chine Washing Silks	1/4 " "
Black Brocade Silks	1/4 " "
Old Lav Glacé Messaline Checks, stripes and Fancies	1/4 " "

GLOVE DEPARTMENT.

In order to introduce OUR 2/6 KID GLOVE,

TO-DAY, OCT. 31st, OUR SPECIAL SHOW DAY,

For offer them for that day only AT 1/- PER PAIR, POST 1d.

Please note they are fresh goods—the regular price is 2/6.

Our LATEST MODELS are now ready in Costumes, Coats, Frocks, Millinery, Opera Wraps.

A Choice Selection of Furs.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

Our New Illustrated Catalogue sent Post Free.

HENRY GLAVE,
80-100, NEW OXFORD ST.

£100 GIVEN AWAY IN CASH PRIZES.

For a Limited Time Only.

"St. IVEL" CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDINGS.

HOW TO WIN.—Send us immediately 2/- for which we will send you post free one of the celebrated Gold Medal "St. Ivel" Christmas Plum Puddings (ready cooked in a basin) and a Tin of "St. Ivel" Devonshire Clotted Cream. When you have tasted the Pudding, you will decide, as thousands of others did last year, not to bother to make any for Christmas, but will buy only "St. Ivel" from your Grocers. That is why we ask you to taste them now. With each of these 2/- Sample Parcels, we shall enclose, for a limited time only, three Coupons for each of these 2/- Sample Parcels, but each entry must be accompanied by a separate Coupon. All matter sent in becomes our property, and our decision must be final.

Contest 1.—An Idea for a Coupon or Prize Competition for us to use next year. Prizes—£20, £10, and £5.

Contest 2.—A Photograph, showing how "St. Ivel" Plum Puddings are enjoyed. Prizes—£15, £10, £5, and 10 Prizes of £1 each.

Contest 3.—A Couplet or Short Sentence, referring to, or suitable for advertising Plum Puddings, either selected or original. Prizes—£1 each to the best twenty-five.

Send 2s. at once, or it may be too late. Address: Dept. Q, APLIN & BARRETT, Ltd., YEOVIL.

LADIES' TAILOR JACKETS FREE

Or LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS or SHOES FREE.

For 6 Days only ending Nov. 5, we will present to every purchaser of a

SUIT TO MEASURE AT 27/6

Or higher price either one or other of the above gifts. The Ladies' Jackets are cut in the very latest style, and can be had in Black Vicuna, Grey Mixtures, and Fawn Tweeds. The usual price for these jackets is 18/6. The Boots can be had in any style. This is undoubtedly your opportunity of saving your wife, sweetheart, or sister a Christmas present without any cost.

RAINPROOF OVERCOAT TO MEASURE 17/6

In the most up-to-date cloths, West End cut, and good workmanship. Write at once for

Patterns of these special offers UNTIL NOVEMBER 5th only.

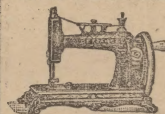
D. M. THOMPSON BROS., Ltd., Tailors, 4, Oxford St., W.; 84, Bishopsgate St. Without, E.C.

LADIES! DO NOT FAIL

to send at once for design showing exact size of

W. J. HARRIS & Co.'s

unrivalled DEFIANCE LOCK-STITCH SEWING MACHINE. Works by hand or treadle. Four Years' Warranty with each Machine.



PRICE 45/-

COMPLETE,

Less 5/- for Cash.

Guaranteed cheapest, most

perfect, and easiest to

learn in the market. Sent

on any part of the Country

on easy terms.

PER MONTH.

Full Particulars Post Free.

248, UPPER STREET, ISLINGTON;
51, RYE LANE, PECKHAM, LONDON, and Branches.

A HELPING HAND AND LP

TO THOSE ABOUT TO FURNISH

THE LONDON & PROVINCIAL FURNISHING CO.

Furnish on Credit (Cash, Dress, Room, etc.) in plain wares. No objectionable inquiries.

Monthly terms: £10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100.

Pack and Deliver Free up to 500 Miles. Tel. 645 Gerrard.

248, 249, 250, TOTENHAM COURT ROAD.

The HACKNEY FURNISHING COMPANY Limited

Town Hall Buildings, MARK-ET, HACKNEY, N.E.

Hours 9 till 9, Thursdays close at 4, Saturdays always open until 9 p.m.

THE MODEL SYSTEM.

Worth.	Per month.
£10	0 2 6
£20	0 12 6
£30	0 18 0
£40	1 0 0
£50	1 10 0
£60	2 0 0
£70	2 10 0
£80	3 0 0
£90	3 10 0
£100	4 0 0

No 10 per cent. Deposit Required.

Goods packed, carriage paid, and delivered to your door free.

A PILL IN TIME SAVES NINE.

DR. ROOKE'S PILLS

70 Years' Reputation as the Most Effectual Remedy for

INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHE, STOMACH AND LIVER COMPLAINTS AND ALL DISEASES ARISING THEREFROM, These Wonderful Curative Pills, Prescribed by DOCTOR ROOKE (of Scarborough) 70 years ago, still maintain their MARVELLOUS REPUTATION.

May be had of all Medicine Vendors: 1/11, 2/0, and 4/6 per box. Or post free direct from: DR. ROOKE, 26a, High Holborn, London.

FREE. DR. ROOKE'S MEDICAL WORK, a book of 80 pages, together with a Sample Box of Pills, sent free from above address on receipt of one penny stamp for postage.

The MODEL INSTALMENT SYSTEM

Send for our Handsome GUIDE & CATALOGUE

ENCLOSUREMENTS

Wardrobe Sweethearts. Why wait when you can have a nice little home of your own for 25 weekly? No security, just treatment, highest value.

Call or write, WOOD, COLE & COMPANY, LTD., 110, High Street, Cannon Town, N.W., and 58, Old Kent Road, S.E.

D.D. DIRTY DICK'S D.D.

ESTABLISHED 1745.

48-49, BISHOPSGATE ST. WITHOUT, E.C.

Nearly opp. Suburban Entrance G.E.R. Station.

FAMOUS OLD PORT WINE & SPIRIT HOUSE OF GREAT HISTORICAL INTEREST.

Noted for Good Values, Purity, and Low Prices. All Wines and Spirits sold by the Glass, Bottle, Dozen, or Gallon. Free deliveries in Town and Country. Write for History of House, with full Price List, sent gratis on mentioning this paper.

Won by a length.
Enoch's Pomegranate beat Arion and Queen of the
Fells over seven furlongs. Won easily; a bad third.

THE CHARING CROSS BANK. Est. 1870
119 and 120, Bishopsgate-st., Within E.C. } London
and 28, Bedford-st., Charing Cross, W.C. }

Assets.	£297,790.	Liabilities.	£285,680.	Surplus
£312,110.	2½ p. cent. allowed on current accounts			
balances. Deposits of £10 or upwards received as under				
Subject to 3 months' notice of withdrawal 5 p. per. ann.				
6	12	6	7	

Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.
The Terminal Deposit Bonds pay a yearly 5 per cent. and are
a safe investment. Write call for prospectus.

WILLIAMS and H. J. TAYLOR, Joint Managers.

"THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE."

A MAGAZINE ON A NEW PLAN.

No. I., READY TO-MORROW,

TUESDAY, November First.

LOOK ON THE BOOKSTALLS FOR IT.



Price Sixpence.

You will prevent disappointment if you
tell your Newsvendor to-day that

YOU WANT A COPY.

IN "The World and His Wife" we have something entirely new in illustrated magazine production. Not for many years has the first appearance of a periodical publication marked so complete and so important a departure from conventional lines. This giant of all magazines is a "monthly journal for the home," and its contents are such as to appeal to every member of every home in the kingdom. "The World and His Wife" possesses so many novel features that it stands in a class by itself.

"THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE."